WALDEN '86

Weiss. Ecology Center
Ettlingen '85

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOREAU

The theme of our yearbook is based on the ideas of Thoreau, some of which are expressed in the following quote: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." These ideas of individualism, as well as ideas of social responsibility, are the basic concepts upon which Walden was founded.

Thoreau believed in forming one's own ideas rather than blindly accepting those of others. We believe that Walden gives us that opportunity. We learn to take other people's ideas into consideration and gain knowledge not only through books but from others and ourselves.

The following quotes from Thoreau illustrate the strong influence that his ideas have on Walden school:

"As for conforming outwardly, and living your own life inwardly, I do not think much of that." (From: *Excursions: Poems and Familiar Letters To Harrison Blake.)*

Thoreau says that if a person conforms outwardly, keeping his non - conforming ideas private, he is only deluding himself that he is not conforming. Walden School encourages speaking out and acting on one's own individual ideas and beliefs. We should not conform or agree with authority, just because it is authority.

"Things do not change; we change." (From: The Heart of Thoreau's Journal.)

"The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free . . ." (From: "Slavery in Massachusetts.")

Things don't change magically, we have to change them through our actions. It is part of the education at Walden to become aware of social, environmental, and political issues. Students have organized assemblies so that we, as students have a better basis for taking action where it is needed instead of waiting for someone else to do it.

"I hear many condemn these men because they were so few. When were the good and the brave ever in a majority?" (From: "A Plea for Captain John Brown.")

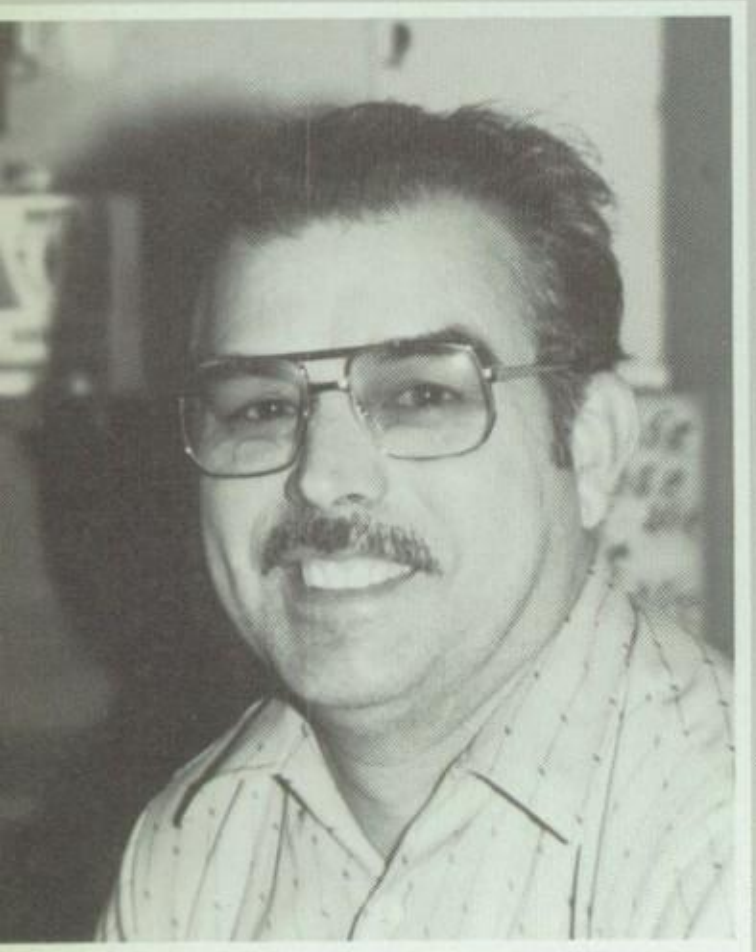
At Walden, one does not have to be in the majority to be heard. The school respects the voices of the few.

"It is never too late to give up your prejudices." (From: *Walden.)*

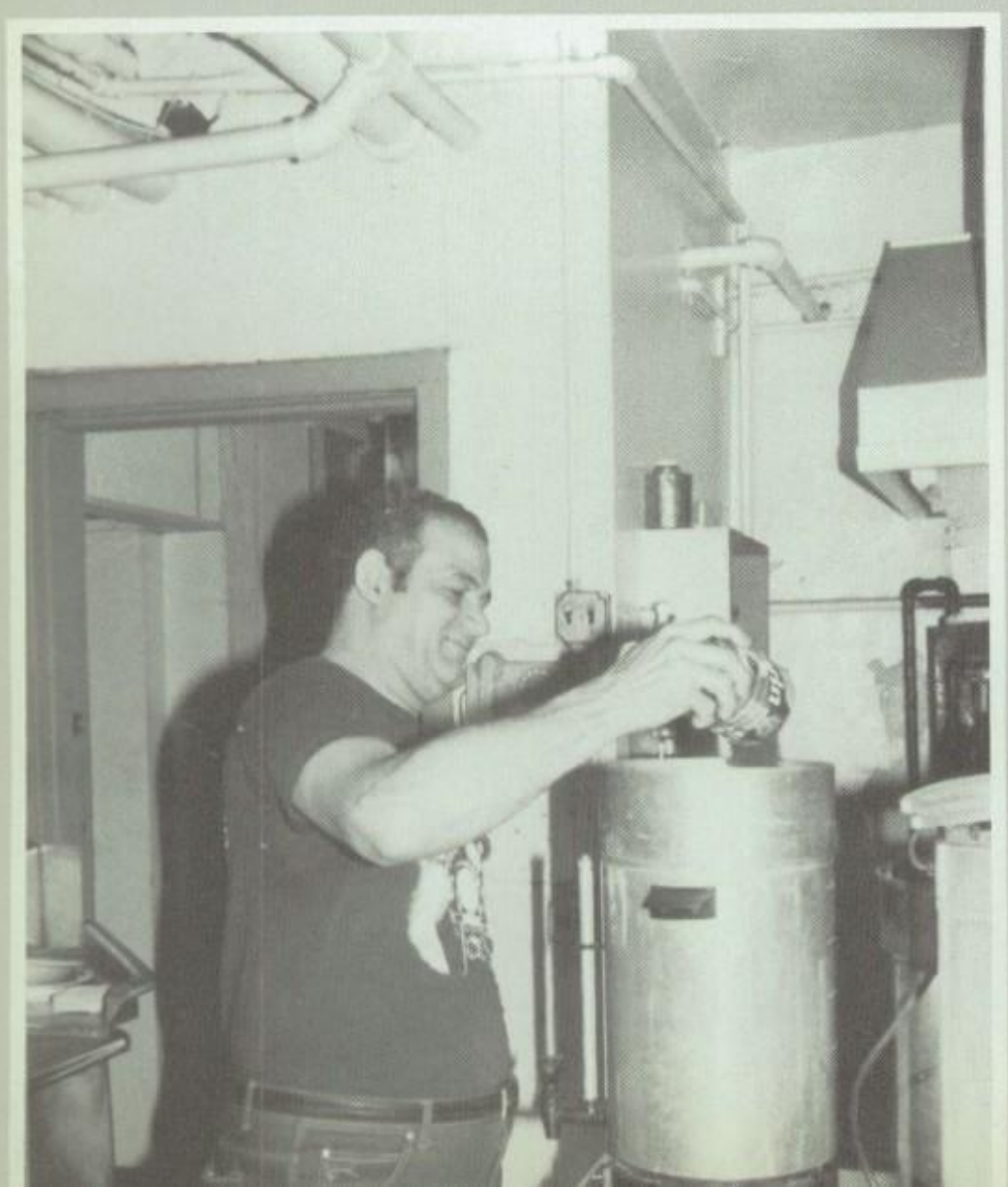
In the course of a Walden education the subject of prejudice is often explored. Students become aware of sterotypes and learn to look beyond them. Just through daily living together there is the possibility of change - by giving up prejudices, by learning tolerance.

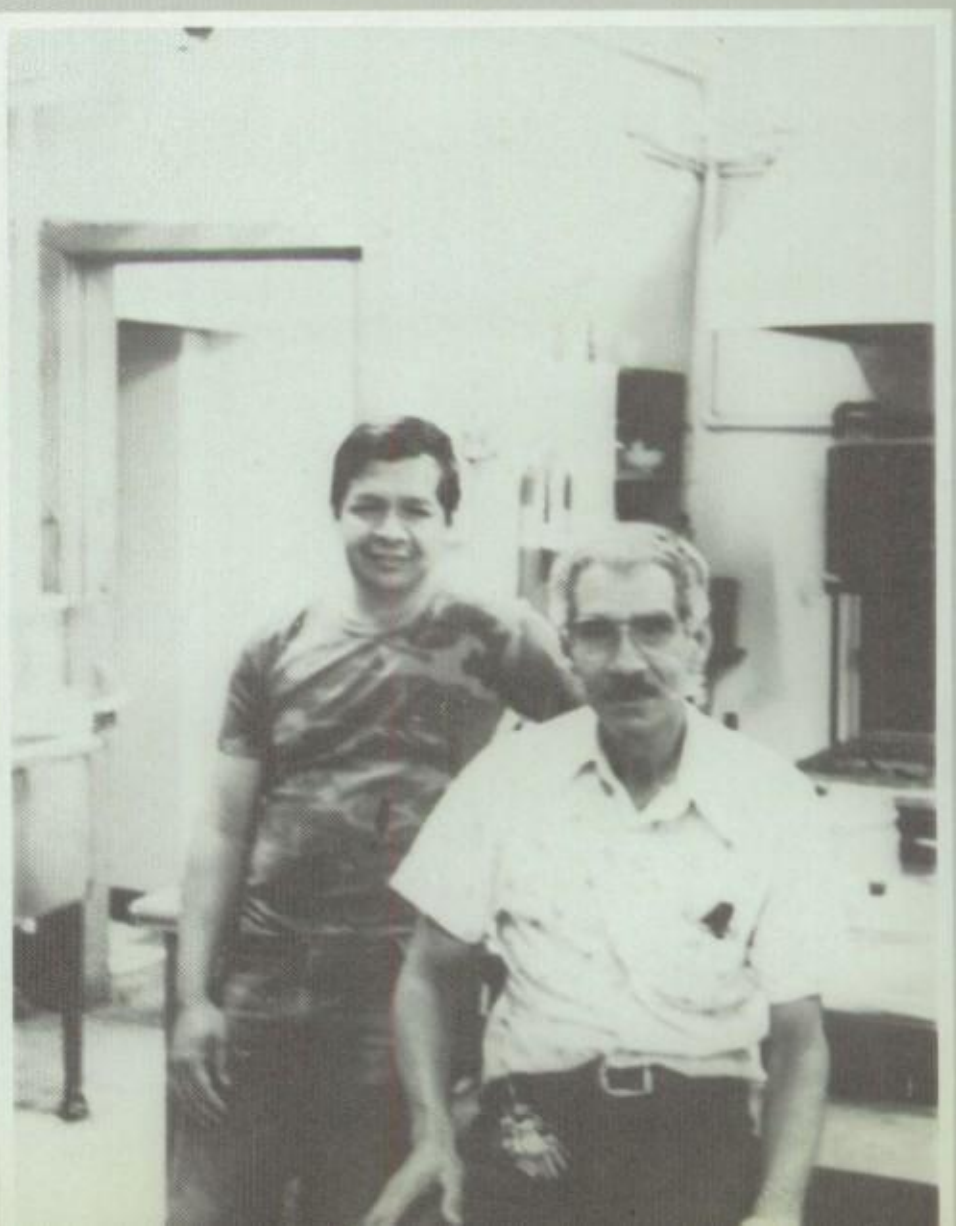
In espousing 'A life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust . . .." Thoreau has suggested to us values which have become important in our education at Walden.

From now on, ever second Friday of December, we will celebrate a Thoreau Day, when we will remember, discuss and reflect upon Thoreau's ideas and beliefs.



Hector (upper left)
Carlos (upper center)
Martinez (upper right)
Ovidio (left center)
Al Perez (right center)
George (lower left)
Carlos, Immanuel (right)





DEDICATION

The graduating class of 1986 would like to honor the Walden School's custodial staff by dedicating our yearbook to them.

Dear Custodial Staff

Without you, without the long hours of hard work, without your steady devotion, Walden would surely fall apart. When we stop to think about it, we realize that you do an astonishing amount of work. Some of the jobs that you do are absolutely heroic: cleaning up after surprise floods, clearing out the fifth floor on a moment's notice, and moving everything back in a rush during the hot summer just before school began. The other jobs that you do on a daily basis are many and vital: fixing the heat in winter, unclogging stuffed sinks and toilets, repairing light switches and replacing blubs, setting up chairs and tables for meetings, assemblies, school fairs, painting walls and woodwork, fixing windows and stair bannisters, delivering packages around the school, sweeping, vacuuming, and mopping floors, carpets, and halls, and the making of coffee and tea every morning.

To: Al Perez, Carlos Lopez, Jorge Cruz, Ovidio Fernandez, Hector Marroquin, and Manuel Beltran:

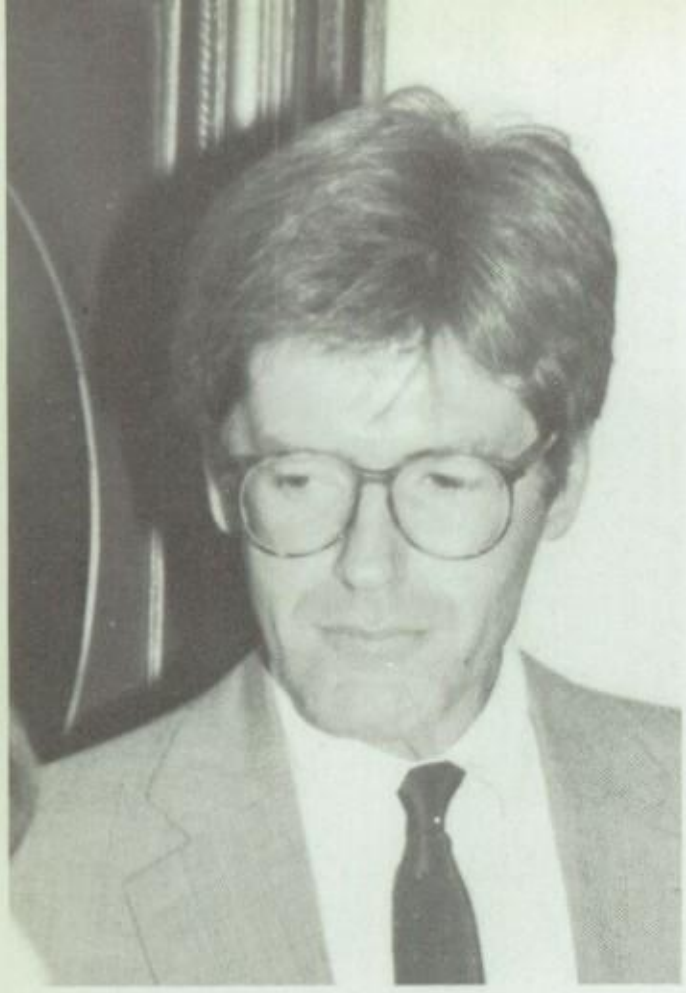
You have literally held Walden together in the time that you have been here. We appreciate your efforts and want to thank you for your years of dedication and good humor. We know how often we litter, how some of us put graffitti on walls, how some of us vandalize by breaking chairs and yanking stairway rails from the wall. We are sorry for this and apologize, as a class, for any culprits among us.

We would also like to thank Argeo Martinez, who retired last year, for a lifetime of service to the school.

Immanuel

Ovidio

ADMINISTRATION



Stephen Clement, "Walden: the best kept secret in NY."

But Richard, he really is my husband . . .

Richard Marotta, Betty Tillar, Bill Tillar.

Joyce Scanlan

Chew Time: Carol, Karen, Richard, Evelyn

Au revoir to Karen Hoenig

Byron Hysaw

Wiley Webb

Yael Septee: Admissions/College Counselling

Now your third choice is your backup, that is unless you want it to be your fifth choice, but then, sometimes it is your first choice which comes through and then where are you? Therefore the fifth choice becomes the first choice and unless you scored 2001 on you SAT's, and you weaseled out some fifty letters of recommendation from your teachers, and your essay on why you are a fountain pen, unless completely moronic, should tell the college of your choice, formerly your fifth choice, but now your first choice, why you want to go there, if you think you want to. What, you're *not* going to college? What, you want to dig ditches? to be an *artiste*, a bohemian? You want to live a life of meditation and be in touch with nature? Nobody lives a life like that anymore. Who are you, some kind of Thoreau?

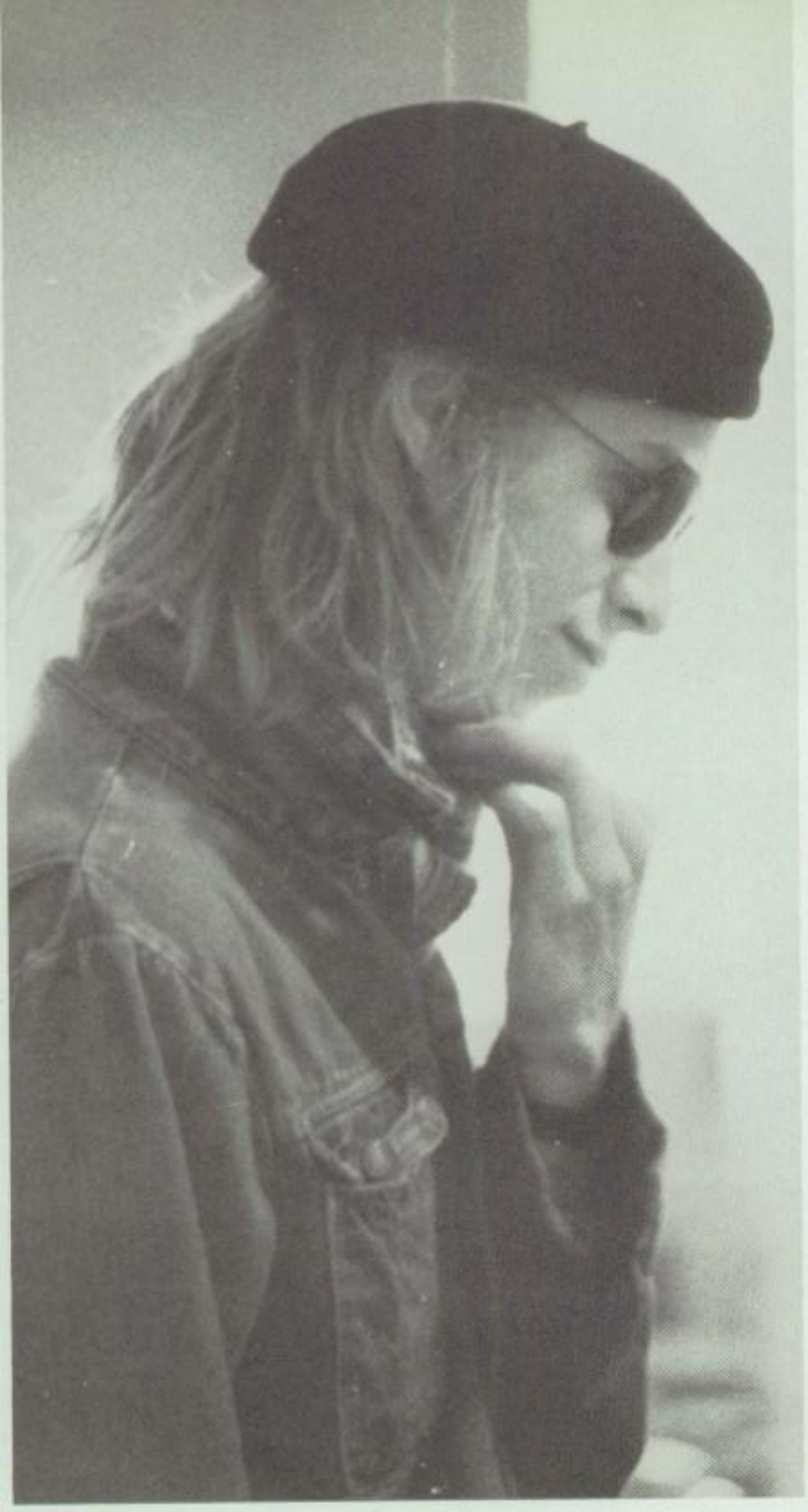
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

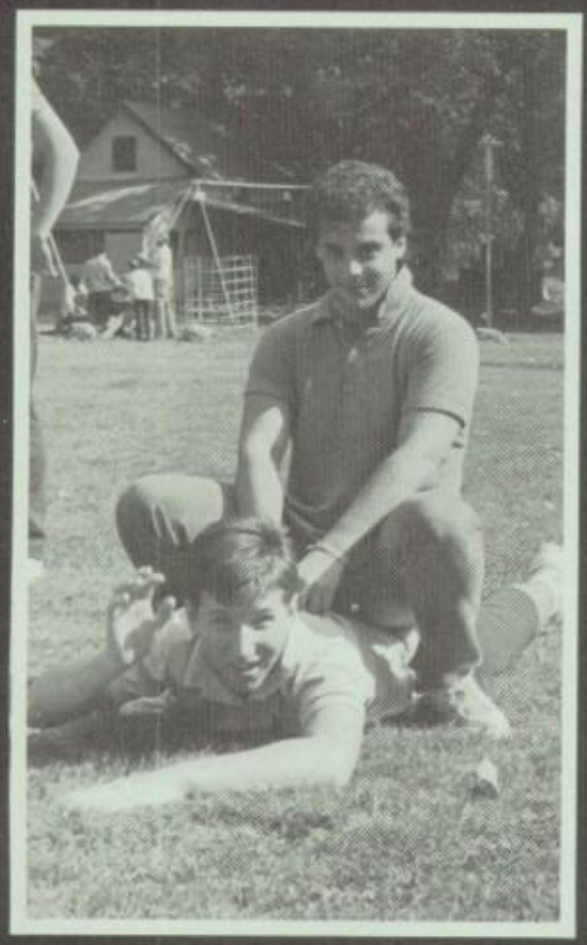
right:
Ellen Steigbigel
Jonnet Abeles
left:
David Stern
Vivian Harris
Stephen Clement
below center:
Marion Stead-Abowitz
David Stern
Stephen Clement
below right:
Alan Ornstein
below left:
Pamela Benning

Rear row, left to right: Joel Simon, Alan Ornstein, Marilyn Seide, Matthew Rosen, Carolyn Geller, David Stern, John Reiner, Vivian Harris. First row: Stephen Clement, John Sullivan, Ellen Steigbigel, Jonnet Abeles, William Goodman. Absent Pamela Benning, Ronald Wilford.

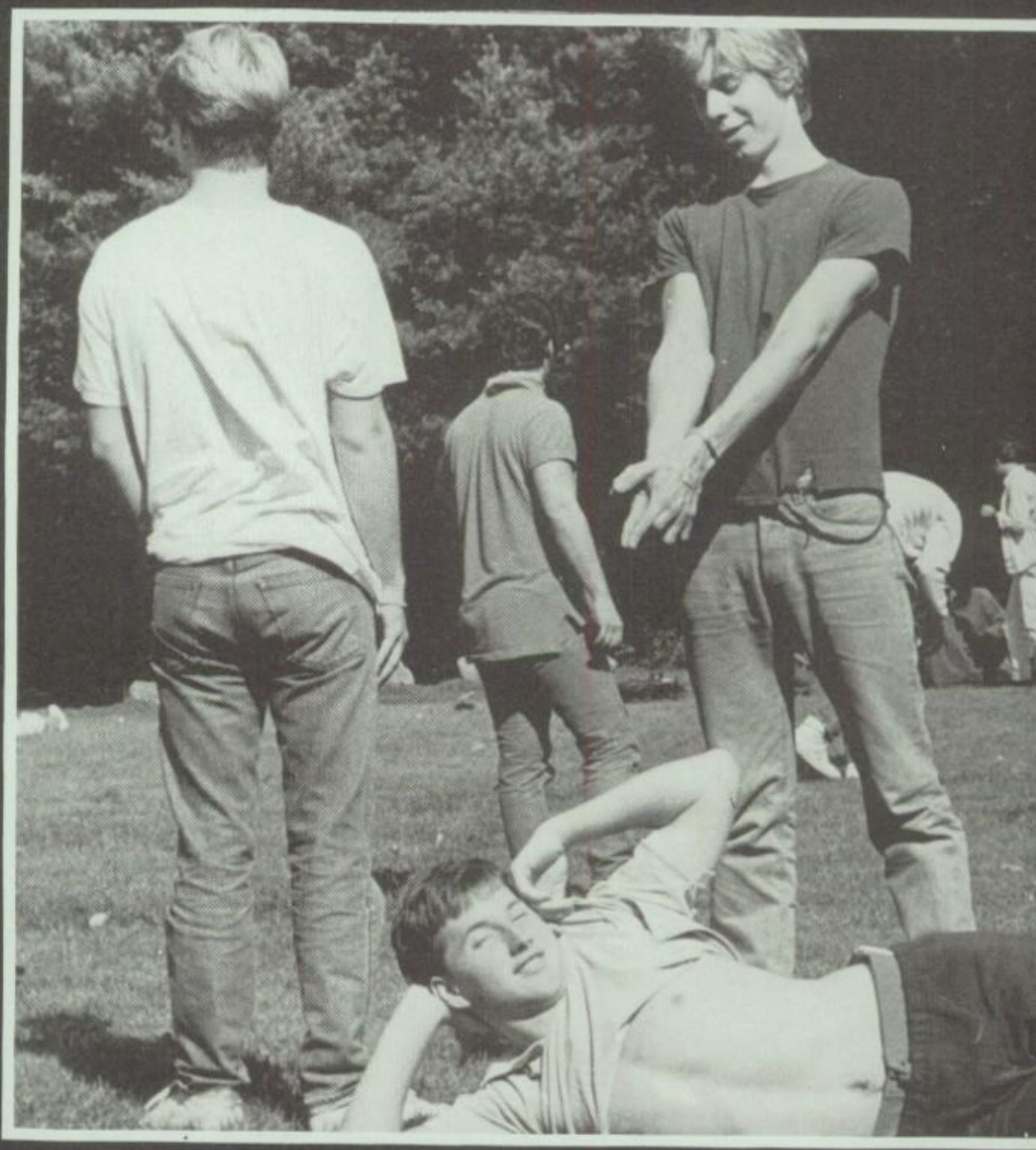
To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust.
Henry David Thoreau *WALDEN*

from *WALDEN:*
Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me the truth.





Unity Day is a time set aside for the middle school and high school to be together in the spirit of Thoreau.



UNITY DAY

THREES. Teachers, Carol Neuwirth Gromer (left), Judith Scheuer (right). BACK ROW, from left to right: Carly Tilton, Zachary Posner, Marion Billings, Henry Stern, Leah Silberman, David Laub, Stephanie Harper, Bennett De Carlo. FRONT ROW, from left to right: Charles Vos, Kira Boesch, David Herman, Patrick O'Grady, Timothy Betjeman, Gillian Warmflash, Jesse Reiter, Kathryn Roose.

LOWER - MIDDLE - HIGH

THREES: from left to right, TOP ROW: Isaac Grody - Patinkin, Benjamin Masten, Fernando Ynigo, Benjamin Dolgin - Gardner, Alexander Frankel. MIDDLE ROW, from left to right: Zoë Wool, Molly Harris, Eve Holwell, Emily Purchia, Laura Weidman, Kaila Horan. FRONT ROW, from left to right: Nathaniel Milner, Nina Schwartz, Neal Bacon, Laura Keane Parisi, Brian Kaplan. Not present: teachers Marion Abowitz and Charla Abraham.

THREES. Teachers Judy Schneier (left) and Jackie Cohen (right). TOP ROW, left to right: Pilar Tudor, Jesse Calagna, Alexis Posada, Joshua Burgener, Molly Clarke, Emily Betma. FRONT ROW, left to right: Nina Maxwell, Brady Clegg, Emma Zaks, Stephanie Sarandon, Eva Braunstein. (Not in photo: Joseph Luckinbill, Bradley Sorte.)

SCHOOL CLASS PICTURES

FOURS. Teachers: Martha McDonnell and Viriginia Hut (not in picture). TOP ROW, left to right: Briana Gordon, Evan Krick, Harry Wilshire, Rene Hidalgo Torees, Antonio Bolfo, Gabriela Salazar, Robert Sheehan. FRONT ROW, left to right: Adrienne Mishkin, Russell Philip, Emily Levis, Jennifer Deppe, Eli Stillman, Sarah Walter, Ariel Azani, (not in picture. Amelia Rock).

FOURS. Teachers: Kathy Thoreson (left), Kevin Kelleher (right). TOP ROW (left to right): Brendan Rothman-Hicks, Owyn Fischer, Melody Merker, Ethan Abeles, Michael Herman, Megan Countey, Anna Montbach. FRONT ROW: Cory Davis, Matthew Mottel, Michelle Miller, Julia Broder, Tanya Goldman, Benjamin Nachamkin, Andrew Nahon, Sarah Levine-Gronningsater. (NOT IN PICTURE: Derek Brockbank.)

FIVES. Teachers: Susan Klein (left), Linda Sharken (right). TOP ROW (left to right): Jeremy Raphael, Andrew Schwartz, Jordan Heller-Skolnick, Simon Luckinbill, Cariv Mitchell, Matthew Stine. FRONT ROW: Nada Klein, Danielle Nash, Sarah Lewis, Nisha Lalchandani.

FIVES AND SIXES. Teachers: Emily Wassyng (left), Barbara Ridge (right). TOP ROW (left to right): Oren Abeles, Greg Wyles, Camille Small-Simon, Gabriel Horan, Emma Straub, Kree Cole-McLaughlin, Thomas Betjeman, Damien Holland, Hilary De Marchena. FRONT ROW: Jessica Fischer, Natalia Boesh, Jane Reimer, Jason Striker, Olivia Greer, Sabina Neugebauer, Samantha Miller.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADE. Teacher: Bernice Hauser. TOP ROW (left to right): Sarah Epstein, Fred Steindler, Alexander Kalkines, Amanda Broomfield, Zoë Jacobs, Rachel Cole, Joscelyn Sherman, Magda Brown, Zane Massey MIDDLE ROW: Paul Rosen, Ben Davidson, Sean Parkinson, Ken Rego, Nick Andors, Matthew Green, Jennifer Strauchen, Kapi Monoyios FRONT ROW: Casey Harris, Trevor Harmon. (NOT IN PICTURE: Felipe Chaparo, Noah Jarrett.)

FOURTH/FIFTH GRADES, left to right. IN TREE: Jeremy Broomfield, Ali Burns. SECOND ROW, STANDING: Phillip Chew, Marc Ginsberg, Davey Bates, Geeta Gadgil, Estee Plotz - Pierce, Melanie Harmon, Nicole Seate, Andra Quinn. FRONT ROW, KNEELING: Sean Young, Josh Rosen, Benjy Lauter, Catharine Steindler, Andy Brown, Rebecca Mitchell, Dawn Frazier, Genney Brossard. Teacher: Ray Godshall, behind group.

RAY'S CLASS: up a proverbial tree again

SIXTH GRADE, left to right. IN TREE: Adam Martinez, Alfred Reyes. TOP ROW: Devin Clancy, teacher Mike Goldman, Darryl Thomas, Zoë Rotter, Samantha Lokos, Daisy Klingman. FRONT ROW: Tavius Cheatham, Paul Schultz, Christopher Pearce, Charles Tanzer.

SEVENTH GRADE, IN TREE: Laini Hester. TOP ROW, left to right: Dawn Reyes, teacher Gerry McNelly, Jeremy Brussell, Tevin Serlin, Tashana Anderson, Michelle Link. FRONT ROW: Harmon Dash, Heather Price-Khan, Kijana Saunders.

Samantha Lokos, with Evelyn McClain, Middle School Coördinator

EIGHTH GRADE, IN TREE: Toby Ralph, Justin Malko. BACK ROW, left to right: John McFaul, Lael Jacobs, Dawn Loftis, Câline Welles, Nicholas Leichter, Heather McElroy, Laurie Feigin, Krissy Gentile. FRONT ROW, left to right: Jessica Jacoby, Jennifer Cohen, Andre Allen, Leela Corman, Katrina Fried.

TOP ROW, left to right: Charisse Henley, Nicole Harry, Wendy Anzai, Lori King, Kristen Redmond, Jarrett Horowitz. FRONT ROW: Erik Litoff, Gerald Laurino, Hector Maldonado, Patria Rodriguez, Laura Sullivan, Kyra Svetlovsky.

TENTH GRADE

TOP ROW, from left to right: Sascha Lewis, Chris Stern, Tanya Vel, Michelle Schwartz, Nicole Ornstein, Jennifer Webb, Sarah Gillen, Nairobi Timberlake, Lisa De Ruiter, Ted Mavity. THIRD ROW: Kristen Carpenter, Dana Sands, Amy Williams, Denise Bello. SECOND ROW: Ingrid Simon, Todd Rones, Natasha Fried, William Keh, Nikki Kalkines, Chris Burns, Mark Euringer (withdrew, Fall '85). FRONT ROW: Natasha Page-Levin, Kirstin Shank, Alison Dilling, Alison Dee, Hadley Hudson.

ELEVENTH GRADE

TOP ROW, from left to right: Philip Behrens, Erik Selekman, Nicholas Mirsky, Kimberly Mitchell, John Keh, Sam Plotz-Pierce, Michael Baumwoll, Mandy Weiner, Tonya Wright, Anthony Lagouranis. SECOND ROW: Darryn Sinkler, Kalista Sale, Jonathan Manitsky, Fitz O'Neal, Tanya Rudenyak, David Netto, Cynthia Jones, Todd Zorn. FRONT ROW: Jason Keidel, Mike Riegelman. (Not in picture: Michelle Abeloff, Erskine Carter, Anna Corey, Anna Eng, Joshua Grossman, William Miller).

You're late for the thirty-sixth time . . .

Backpackers from the Central Park Conservancy

Waiting for Thoreau, or an exercise in Transcendental Angst

Very, very dirty fat old man

UNCANDID FEATURES OF SOME...

Buddies: S.A.R. Krönenprinz Wotan von Stürm und Drang zu Schmerzenwald und sein praeceptor.

UNCOMMON TEACHERS

left to right, back row: Bob Roseen, Davey Bates, Sue Sortino. front row: Lorry Garvin, Sabina Neugebauer, Olivia Greer, Emma Straub, Samantha Lokos, Bernice Hauser, Fred Steindler, Matthew Green, Kree Cole-McLaughlin, Oren Abeles, Samantha Miller, and Toby Ralph.

WALDEN'S FACULTY

From left to right, back row: Bob Roseen, Bruce Caro, Richard Marotta, Martin Sternstein, Evelyn McClain, Garciela Garcia-Marruz, Ray Godshall, Lois Hilton, Don Steckler, Albert Kabemba, Karen Hoenig. Second row, Stephen Ettinger, Yael Septee, Carol Gromer, Kevin Kelleher, Linda Sharken, Martha McDonnell, Gerry McNelly, Marion-Stead Abowitz, Louise Kurshan, Hyacinth Foster, Ann Schaumburger. Front row: Sue Sortino, Lorry Garvin, Mary Davis, Roberta Kosse, Ventura Simmons, Carol Peck, Eric Weisberg, Stephen Clement.

Mark Johansen

Gloria Scorse

Cheryl Egan

Lisa Stark

Neo-Waldensian Adepts: Mr. Ying and Madame Yang

Tulip? Daffodil? Rose?

"Como estas mucho macho muchacho?"

"Don't forget your veggies and your vities!"

below, center right: Team a music maker and a thespian animator and all Walden's a stage.

center left: "See? Anyone can make a man . . . from chicken wire."

"Really, Science isn't difficult at all!"

FIRE DRILL HAPPINESS

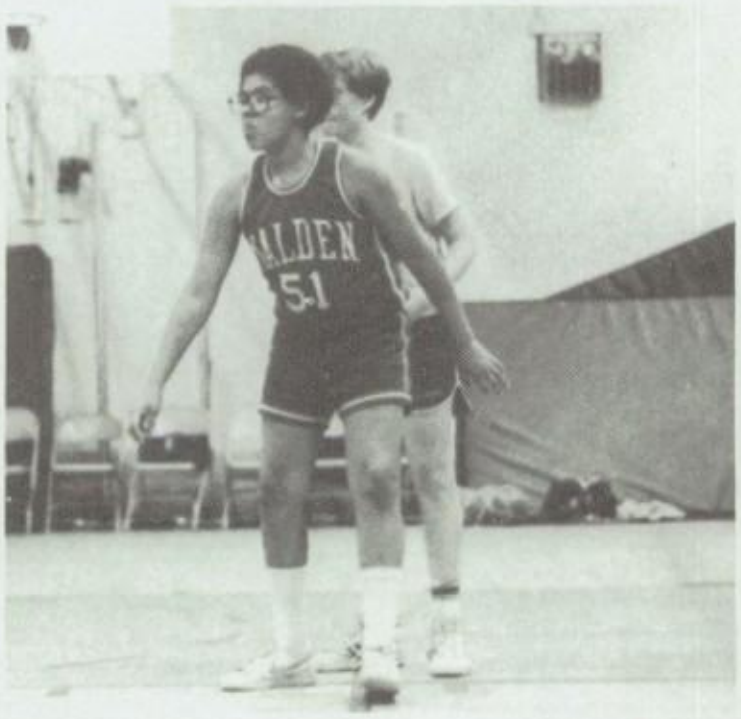
CO-ED VARSITY SOCCER TEAM

CAPTAINS: TODD ZORN/DAVID CHANGAR
ALL-★★★: TODD ZORN/AMANDA GELLER

From left to right, rear row: Albert Kabemba, Mandi Weiner, Justin Malko, Chris Stern, Shane Keller, David Sochet, Nicholas Mirsky, John Manitsky, Billy Miller, Louis Frederick, Gerald Laurino, Nicole Ornstein, David Changar, Amanda Geller, Todd Zorn.

BOYS' JUNIOR VARSITY

Mike Goldman (coach, rear left). Last row, from left to right: Tavius Cheatham, Tevin Serlin, Kijana Saunders, Toby Ralph, Jeremy Brussel, Harmon Dash, Jennifer Webb. Kneeling: Gerald Laurino, Eric Litoff (captains). Absent from photo: Heath Khan, Hector Maldonado, Alfred Reyes.

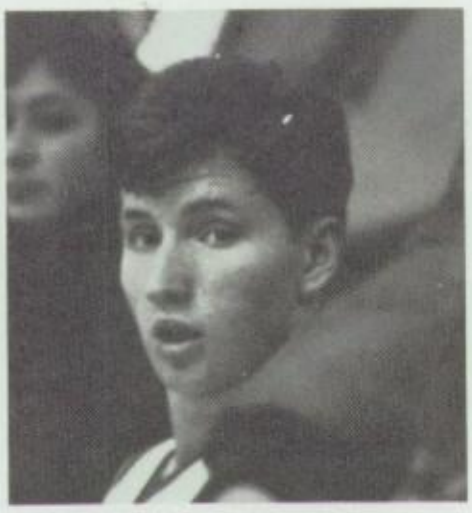


From left to right, back row: Nikki Kalkines, Jennifer Webb, Alan Lutzker, Sascha Lewis, Jason Trubowitz, Laurie Harrison, Trevor Rivera, Jim Mattel, Mike Phillips. Front row: Eric Rosenberg, David Sochet, Nairobi Timberlake, Austin Stout.

BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

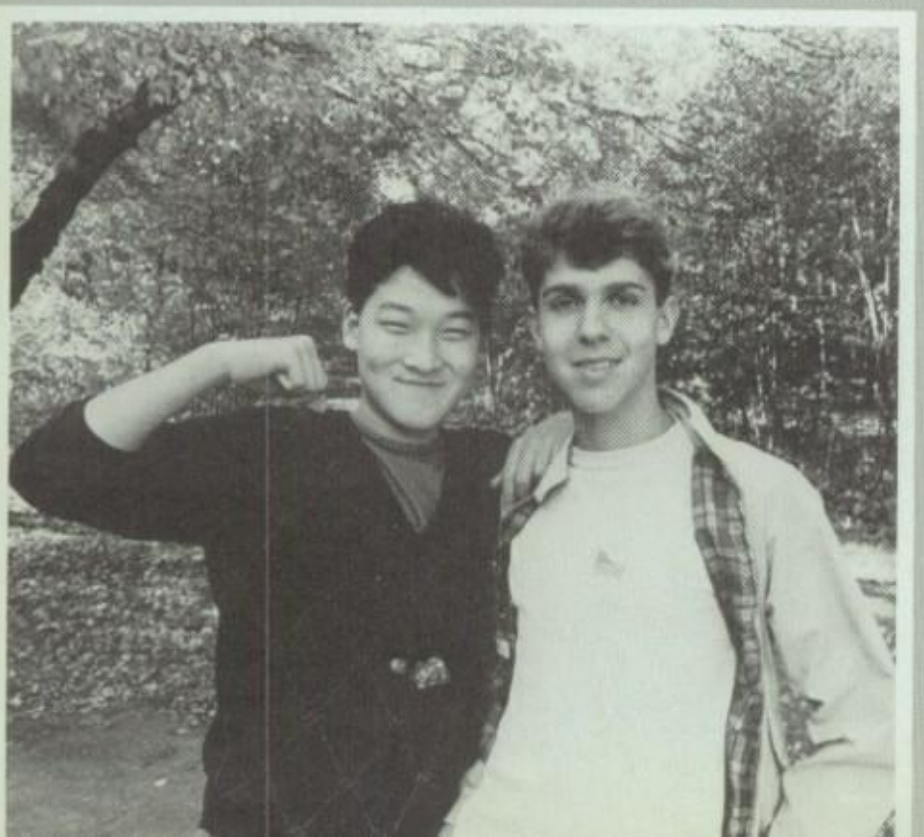
Left: Laurie (#3) jumps for ball
Left, below: Jason (#21) shoots
Right, below: Trevor (#31) makes his

Laurie blocking (above); Jim with Jason (below left); Trevor resting (below center); Eric (#23) intercepts (below right); Sascha k.o'd.



"Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me the truth."
From: Walden

"To be a philosopher, is not merely to have subtle thoughts nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates . . .

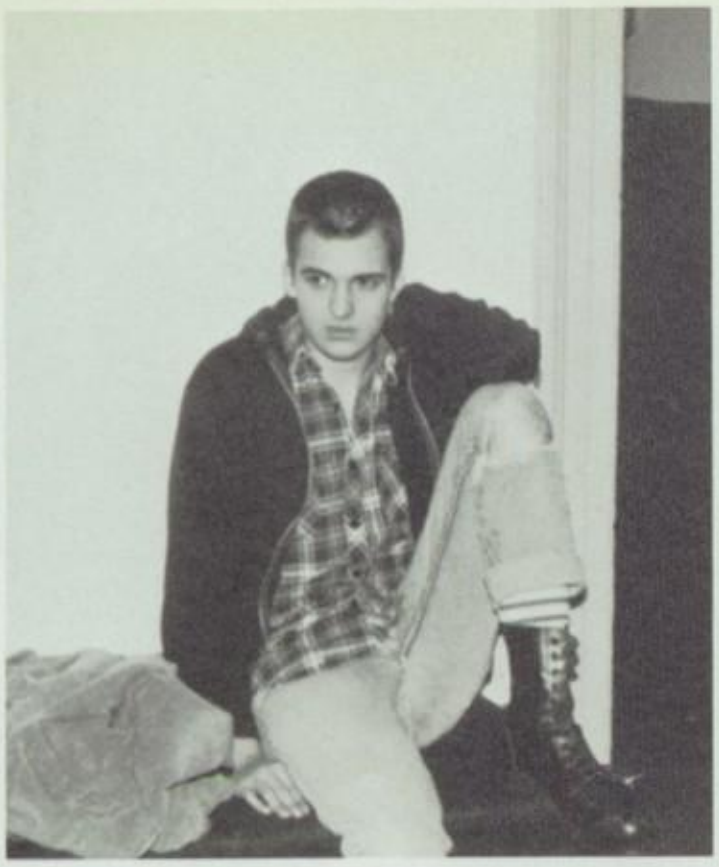


. . . a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust."

From: Walden

Children, who play life, discern its true law and relations more clearly than men, who fail to live it worthily . .

Thoreau



LAINI HESTER

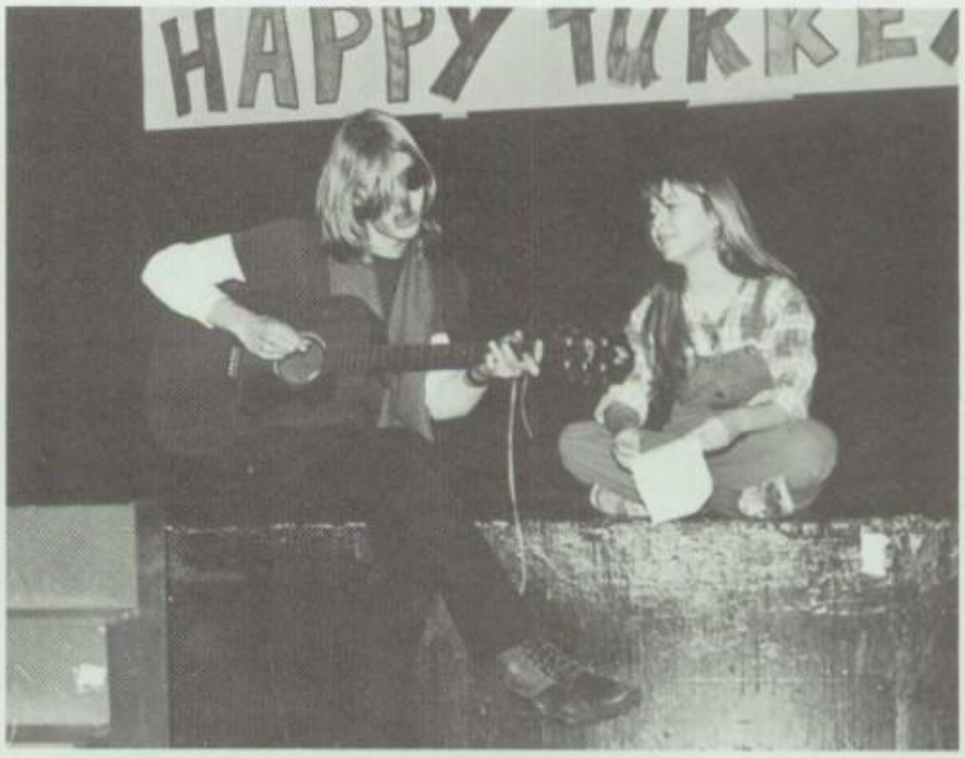
TOBY RALPH

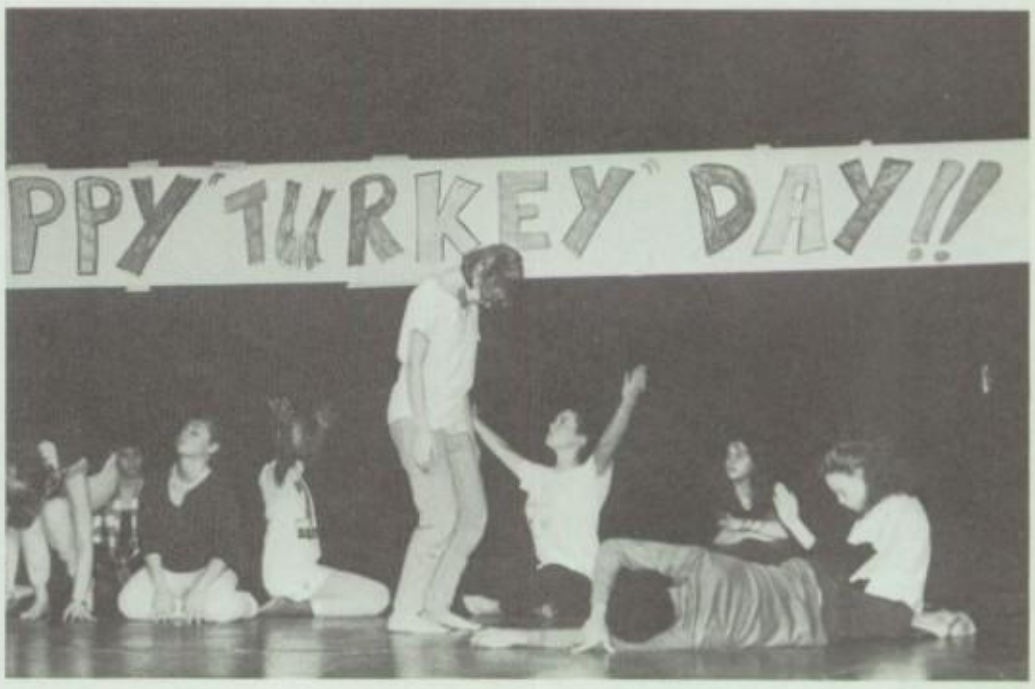
TAVIUS CHEATHAM

TURKEY TROT (left to right): Amanda Broomfield, Sean Parkinson, Rachel Cole, Alexander Kalkines, Jennifer Straucher .

TURKEY TROT (LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW), Alexander Kalkines, Andra Quinn, Sean Parkinson, Benjy Lauter, Devin Clancy, Davey Bates, Jeremy Broomfield, Josh Rosen, Trevor Harmon. 2nd ROW: Jennifer Straucher, Magda Brown, Rachel Cole, Estee Pierce, Chuck Tanzer, Tavius Cheatham, Alexandra Burns, Paul Shultz, Laini Hester, Michele Link. BACK ROW: Erik Selekman, Saahir Lone, Nikki Seate, Louis Frederick, Gerald Laurino, Toby Ralph, Wendy Burns.

Left to right: Jordy, Camille, Noah, Nathalia, Olivia, Jeremy, Jane, Nisha, Sabina, Nadia, Danielle, Gabriel, Greg.





A CHOREOLAB STUDENTS' PRESENTATION (8-12th Grades)

TURKEY TROT DAY/THANKSGIVING ASSEMBLY

P. A. ACTIVITIES: HALLOWEEN PARTY '85

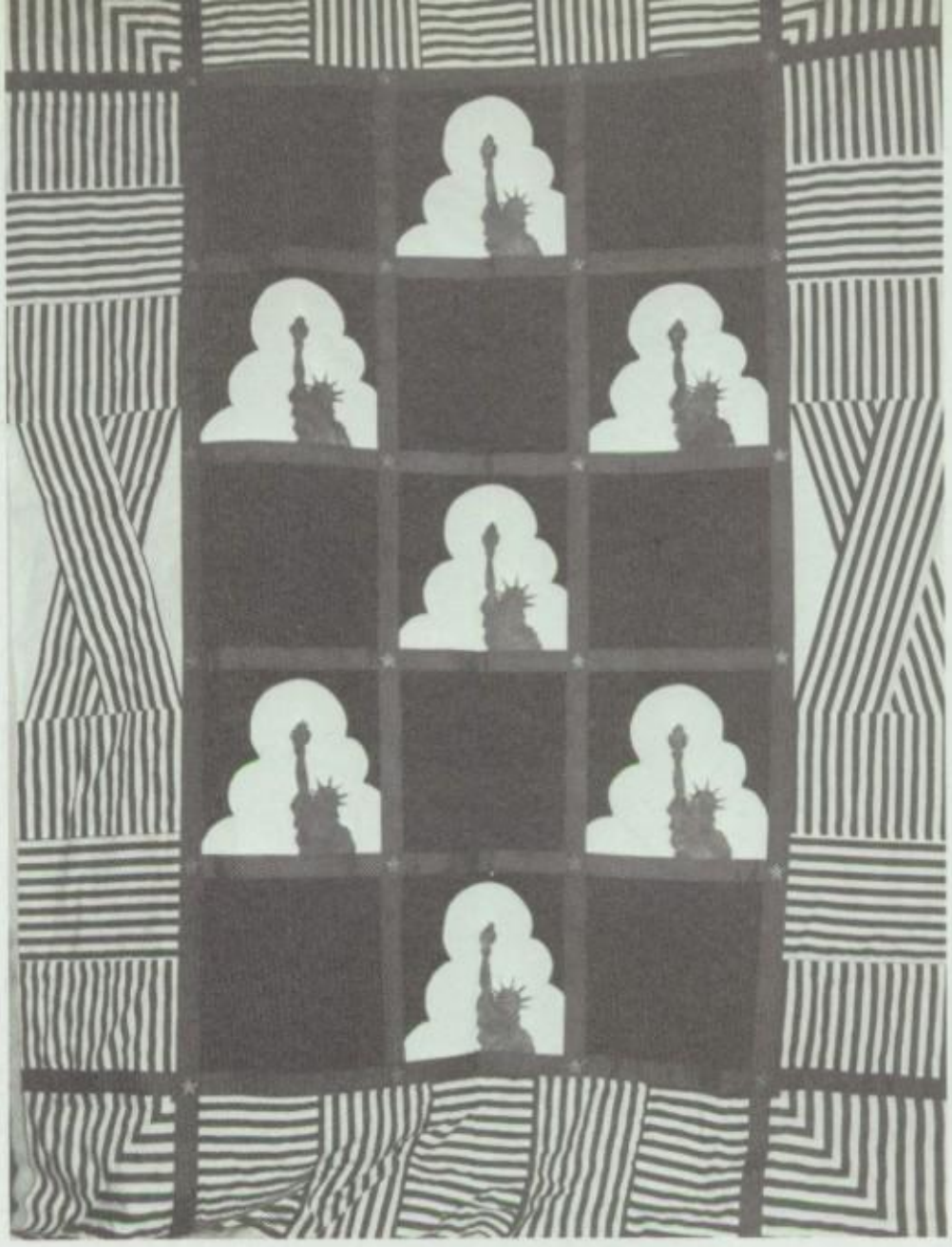
DRACULA: Antonio Bolfo

Amanda Broomfield

center right: Diane de Marchena

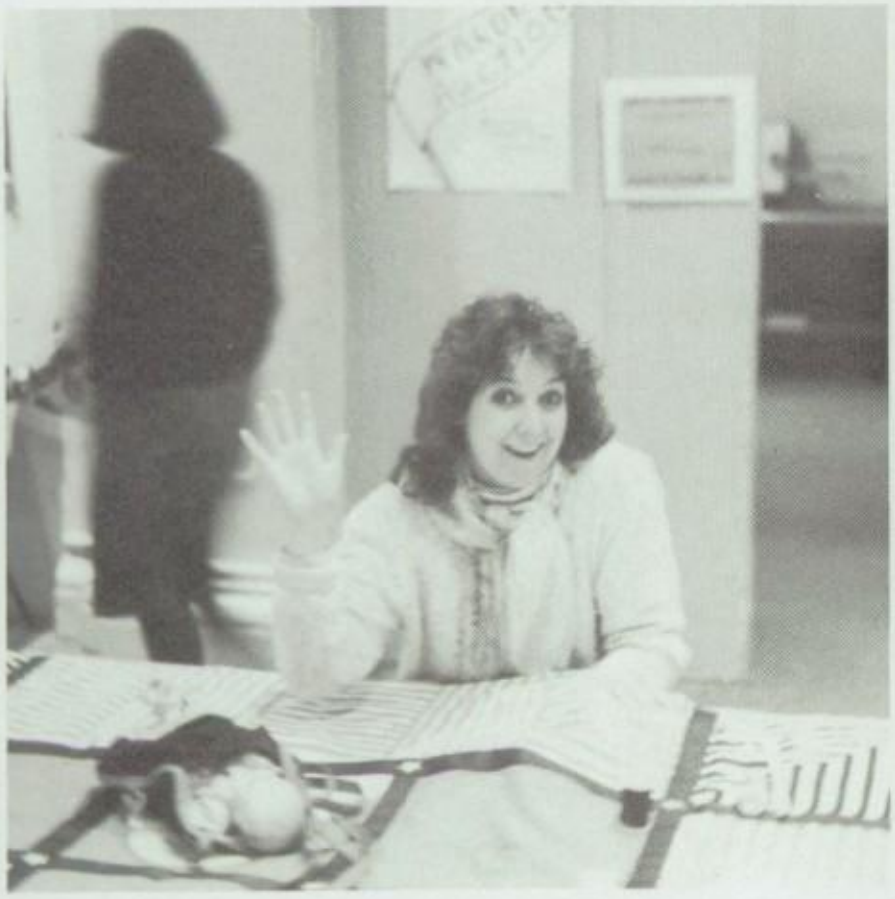
left to right: Matty Stein (Superman), Jane Reimer (witch), Carly Mitchell (pirate)

AUCTION QUILT



MISS LIBERTY

Leonie Lokos

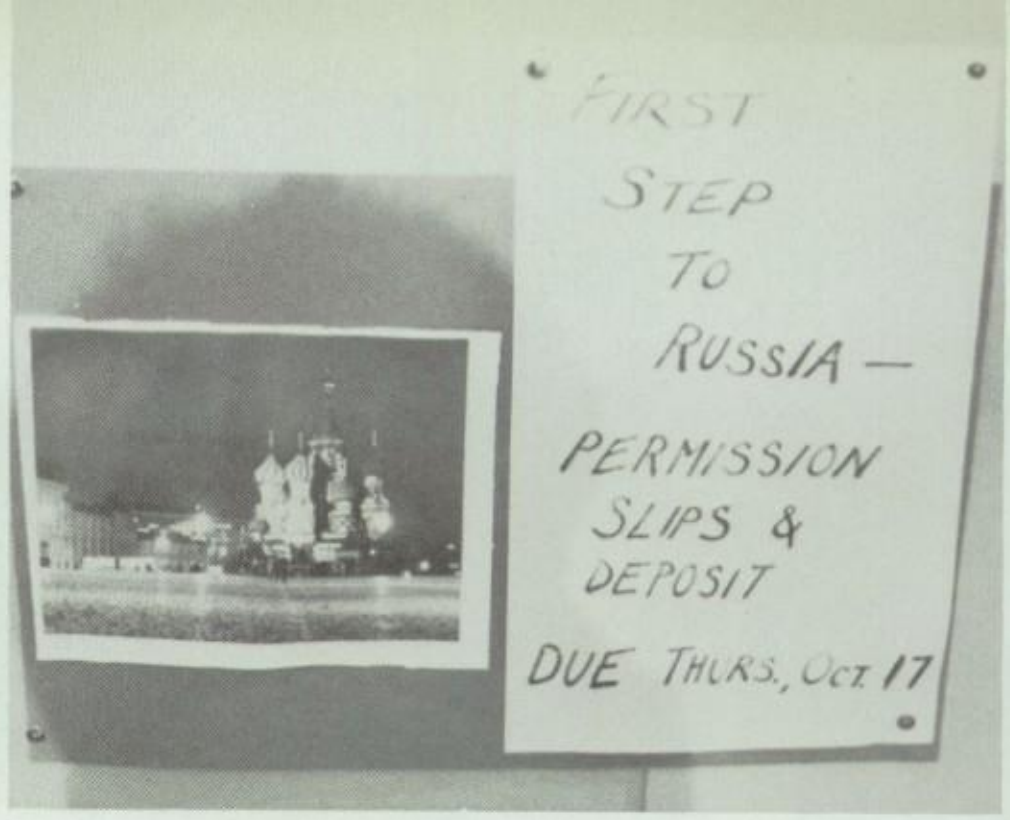


Dana Reimer

TOP ROW (left to right): Lorry Garvin, Estee Pierce, Louis Frederick, Gerald Laurino, Toby Ralph. MIDDLE ROW: Amanda Broomfield, Magda Brown,Rachel Cole, Chuck Tanzer, Tavius Cheatham, Alexandra Burns, Paul Shultz, Laini Hester, Michelle Link. FRONT ROW: Jennifer Stauchen, Alex Kalkines, Andra Quinn, Sean Parkinson, Benji Lauter, Devin Clancy, Davey Bates, Jeremy Broomfield, Josh Rosen, Trevor Harmon.

"The only obligation which I have a right to assume, is to do at any time what I think is right." from WALDEN

Dimitri Devyatkin, film maker, presented his "Video from the Soviet Union: the People Speak."



planning is everything . . .

Eric Weisberg, and his wife, Rhonda, with a group of thirteen Walden students, visited the Soviet Union during the ten day February break. They stayed in Moscow and Leningrad where, among other excursions, they visited two high schools where English is taught and spoken extensively.
Our students talked with the Soviet students, exchanged ideas on a number of issues, including those of world peace. We offered to each school a copy of last year's yearbook. The Soviet students had no idea who Thoreau was, nor how he influenced Tolstoy (who wrote about him). Hopefully, next year, another trip will allow us to offer copies of *Walden,* by Thoreau, as gifts to them.

center below: the 1917 Revolution began here, the War Institute, Leningrad.

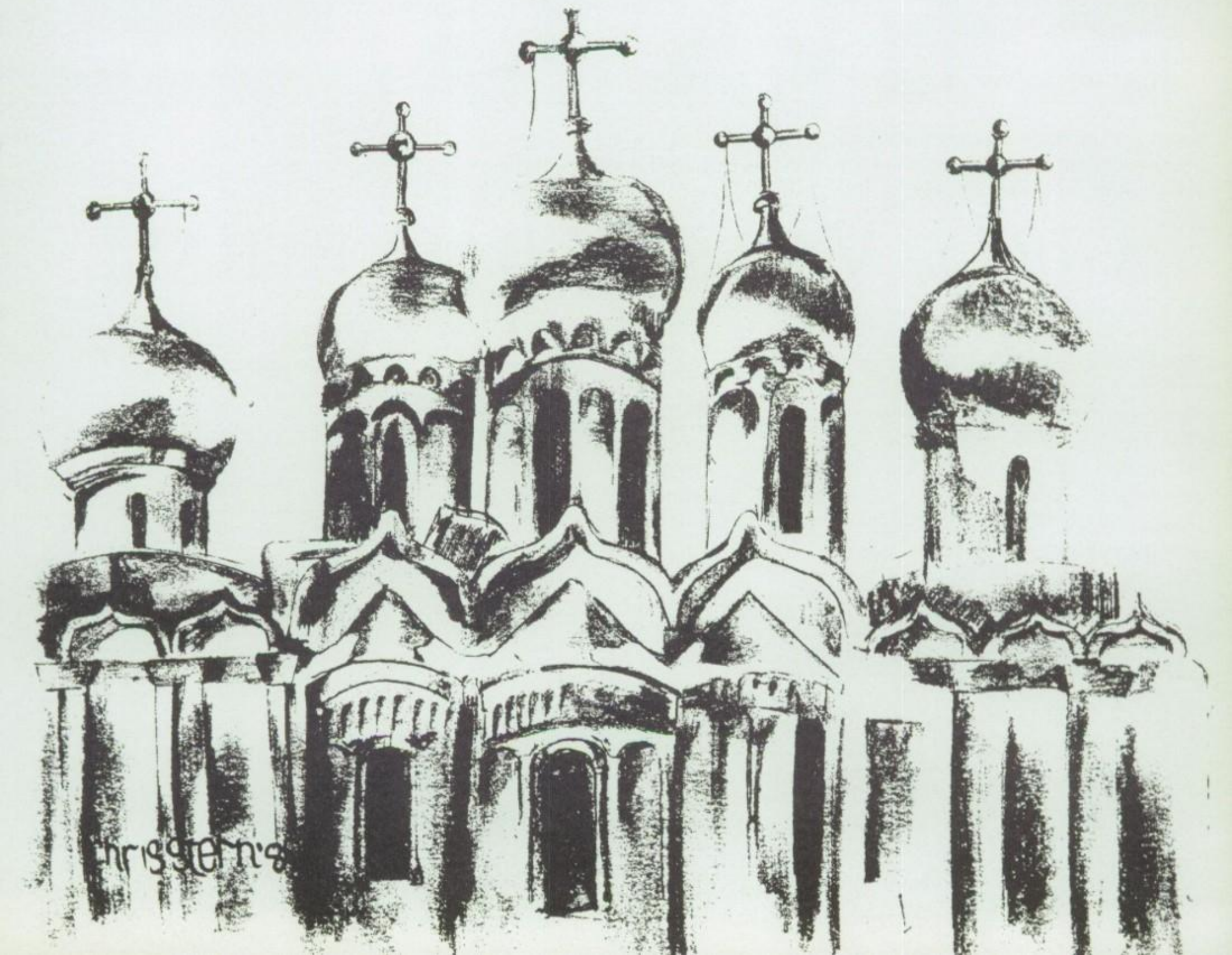
above: Red Square, Moscow, with the GUM Department Store (left), St. Basil's (center rear), and the Kremlin clock tower (right). The modern Rossia hotel is to the rear left. below left: Granovitya Palace (Kremlin). below right: Great Kremlin Palace, Cathedrals of the Annunciation and of the Archangel seen from the Moskva.

from left to right: Sam Pierce, Wendi Anzai, David Changar, Suzy Levine, Nicky Mirsky, Erica Barth, Todd Zorn, Eric Weisberg, Rhonda Shafner in front of the State Historical Museum (Moscow). Absent: William Keh, Jarrett Horowitz, Megan Dee, Chris Stern, Mike Baumwoll and Brett Astor.

St. Basil's, Moscow (photos: Mike Baumwoll, Suzy Levine)

below center: drawing by Chris Stern, tenth grade.

TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE FROM WALDEN



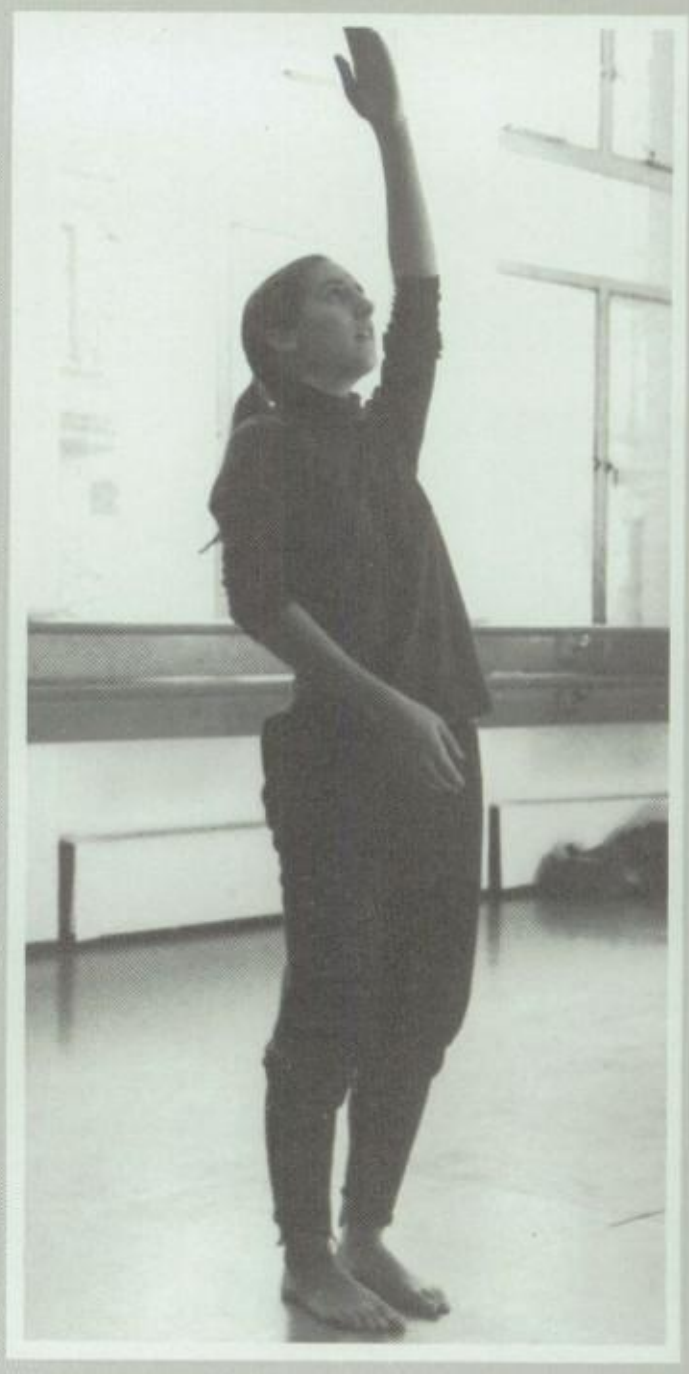
From left to right, back row: Trevor Rivera (coach), Patria Rodriguez, Carla Thomas, Kim Mitchell, Sue Sortino (faculty coach), Todd Zorn (manager). Front row: Jennifer Webb, Kalista Sale, Nicole Ornstein, Wendy Anzai, Nicole Harry, and Natash-Page Levin (incognito).

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

left:
Nicole
Ornstein
right:
Kim Mitchell
Nicole
Ornstein
crouching:
Sue Sortino

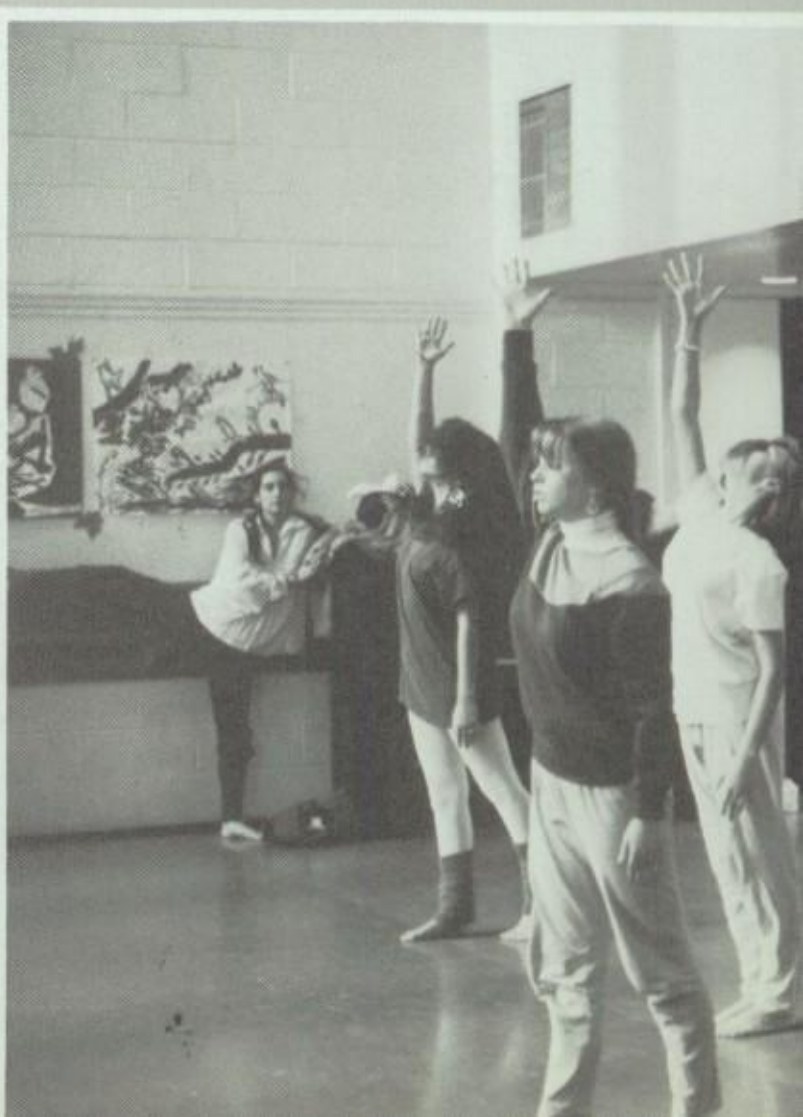
NEOTRANSCENDENTALISTS

WALDEN

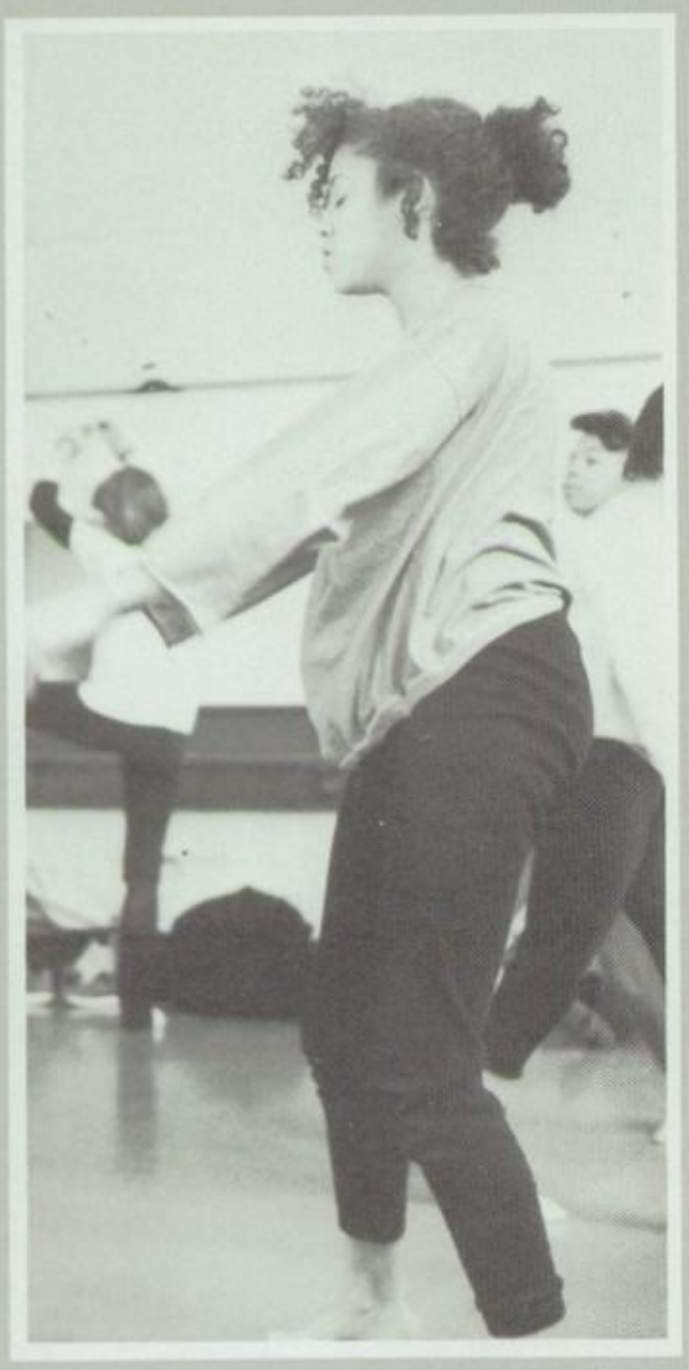


⬇CHOREOLAB

Choreolab has become a Walden tradition, created and directed by Bonnie Brown. The dances, however, are choreographed by the students, beginners as well as advanced. Techniques include jazz, modern, ballet, improvisation and break-dancing. Choreolab is always an electrifying event!



DANCES

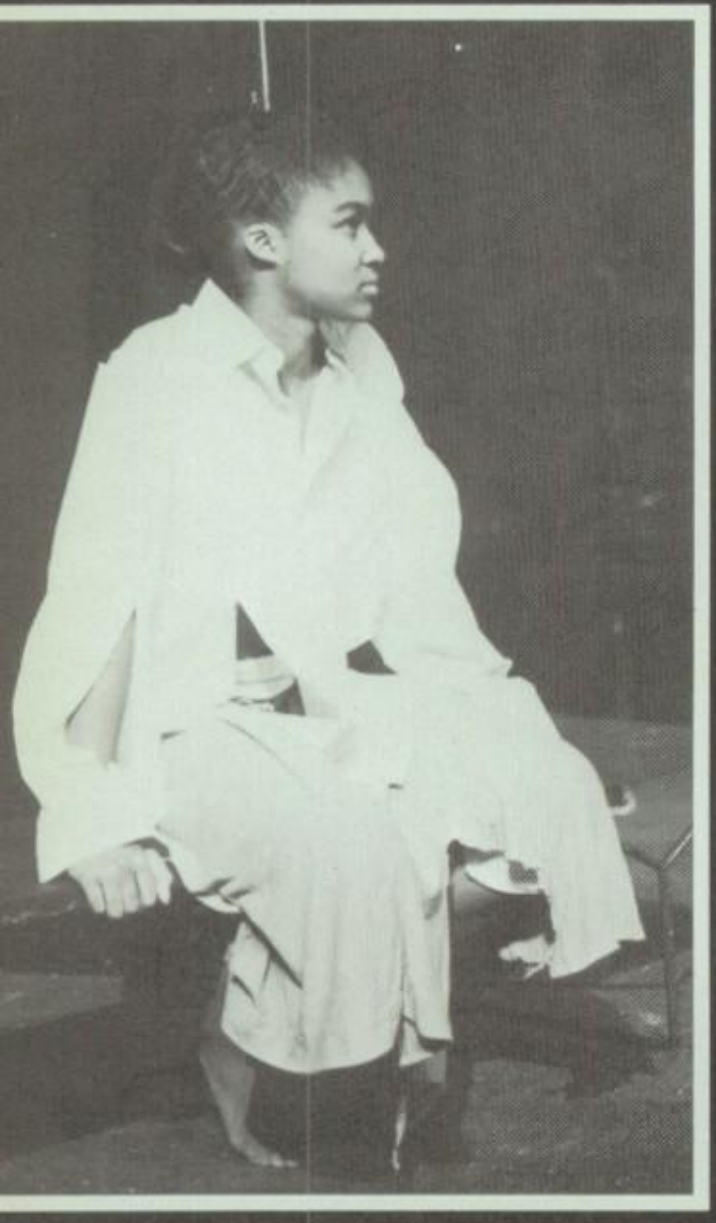


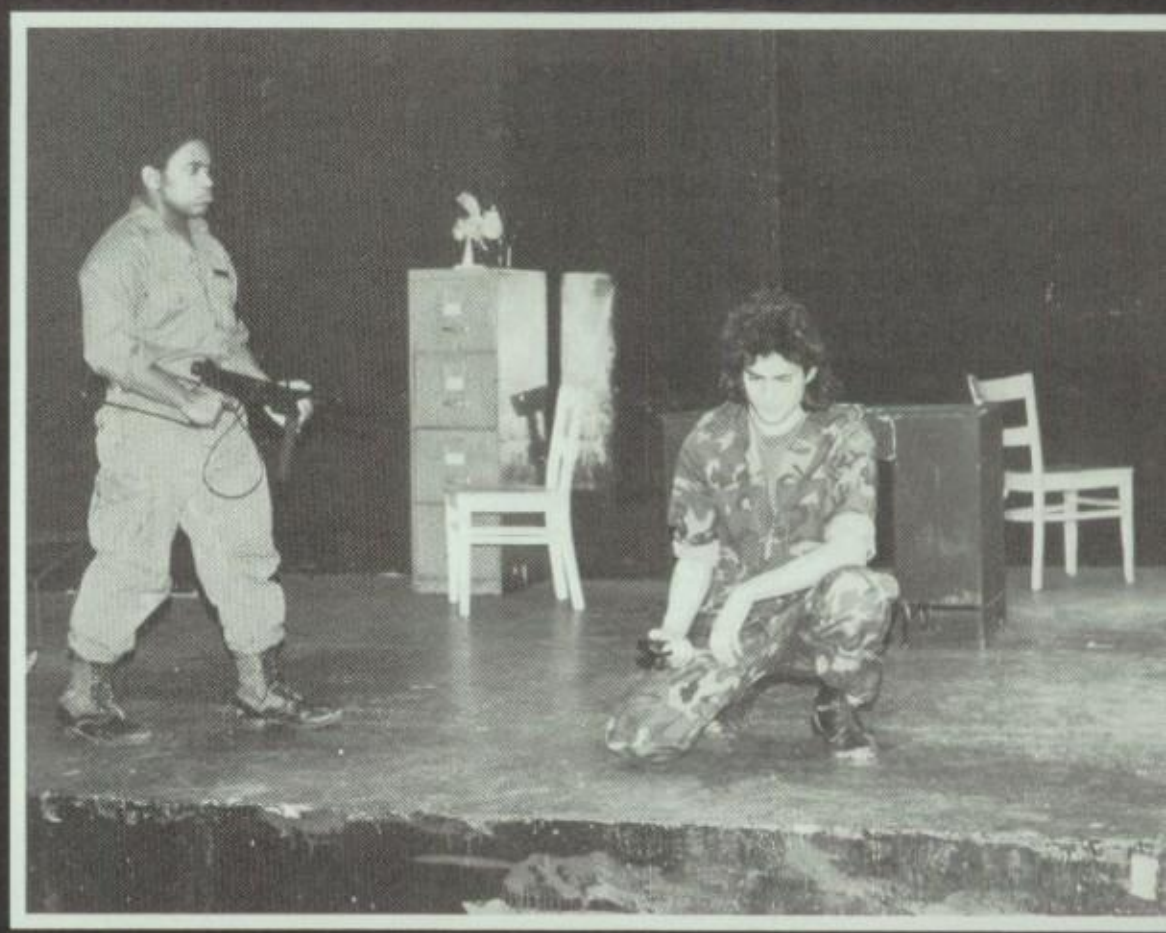
DANCING
Twisted like roots from
a dying tree
Old limbs warped by time
my soul extending and
dancing time's inhibitions
away.
Gliding
poised as a seagull, serene
as water
lapping sand.
Glass images distorted
from the heat
molding my body to my dreams
and
dancing, dancing.
Stretched like a rubberband
holding the world together,
broken as a heart
riding on imagination.

Liz Lurie

AUDITIONS⬇

THEATER ASSEMBLY: HONOR BOUND by LOUIS STEVEN FREDERICK





HONOR BOUND
by
Louis Steven Frederick
CAST
(from left to right)
ANDY KINES
KRISTIN CARPENTER
LOUIS FREDERICK
TED MAVITY
IAN NICHOLSON
Technical Crew: Jordie Lockhart

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

by Alan Lutzker

Eugene Rabinowitz was your average teenager, going to your average upper middle-class private school, with average grades and average friends.

On the average, average people have average days most of the time. Sometimes they have good days and sometimes they have bad days, but once in a while they have "ONE OF THOSE DAYS."

Eugene knew that today was not an average day when he woke up with the gum that was previously in his mouth, stuck to his hair.

"Just one of those days," he muttered to himself.

Eugene looked at the clock and realized that he was twenty minutes late. He jumped out of bed and stepped on a thumbtack.

"#%*%," he yelled.

He proceeded to the bathroom where he limped into the shower and turned on the water. As he was shampooing his hair, an awful banging noise came from inside the wall and with a resounding "thump" the water shut off leaving Eugene with shampoo in his hair.

"Just one of those days," he said to himself.

He stepped out of the shower and put his head in the sink to rinse his hair. As he finished, he smashed his head on the faucet. Eugene took out his shaving cream and razor. He hesitated, and put them back.

On an average day, Eugene ate a bowl of raisin bran and read the paper before leaving. But of all days, this was the day that the milk container would accidentally be left out overnight, making the milk spoil.

"Just great," he said.

Most average mortals would have given up at this point. Not Eugene. He was a man of character. He wouldn't let a bit of misfortune govern the productivity of his day.

To be safe, Eugene decided to leave the house before anything else could go wrong. He reached into the closet, pulled out his favorite jacket. Then he remembered that it had come into close, intimate contact with a bird. Instead he grabbed his brother's coat and stepped out the door. As the door locked behind him, a raindrop hit him right on the nose.

"Wonderful," he exclaimed. "I better get an umbrealla."

He reached into his pocket for his keys, and realized that he had left them, together with his wallet and train pass, in his room.

"One of those days," he sighed!

At the train station, he carefully darted under the turnstile, trying desperately to avoid detection. He was not surprised in the slightest that there was a transit cop, strategically situated on the opposite side of a telephone booth, who spotted him.

"Sir, you are not going to believe this, but I forgot my train pass at home."

ONE OF THOSE DAYS (con't.)

"Shua," the cop answered, and handed Eugene a summons for fare evasion.

"One of those days," said Eugene.

He had about a forty minute train ride, during which he usually listened to his walkman. By the time he was half way to school, his walkman had already "eaten up" his favorite tape, and the batteries on which he had spent five dollars the day before, had run out.

When he got off the train at the school stop, Eugene happened to catch a glimpse of a newspaper headline:

GIANTS READY FOR BIG GAME TOMORROW

Eugene stopped dead in his tracks. He had a sinking feeling in his stomach which soon took over his whole body. He started to run upstairs hoping to prove the headline wrong. When he got to the school door, he pulled on the handle. It was locked. There was not light in the whole building. It started to rain again. Then it started to snow. Then a whipping cold wind blew up. Eugene stood in disbelief. Then he started to cry.

"One of those days . . .," he muttered, "one of those days."

OUR MUSIC
The music starts simply low and slightly out of tune.
The chatterbox sound of the rhythm moves inside the hollow city studio.
It pulses with a throbbing feel even though surrounded by an image of flying.
And within this violence lies dormant, barely expressing itself in rumors, tremors, slight rushing of tempo, urgent whispers in dark, or merely self - denial, caverns of the mind.
No No No No No It's gotta be much slower man much slower and a little calmer Take it easy

Travel backward momentarily —
We the people, the young.
Colors, blue, magenta, day - glo green (though impurely produced), haze, the many shades of green.
Fresh light springtime lushness or an old man tree. That light green.
The piercing but healthy green under the mid - morning light in New York City where everything is clear, there are sharp black outlines on everything.
Glossy deep profundity in the green of a pine mustiness. The hush of the needles bring forth the feeling of a different unreal world.

Is that impractical?
Or is it still possible but hindered by the restrictive pressures forced onto us by our surrounding environment that may not be necessary?

Me Me Me
Aye, Aye, as dictated, as told, as effected.
Sudden commodity of beauty, self - help manuals, personal relationships with God in a small multi - celled apartment building where the paper mache walls breathe through the sound of corporate management and appliances.

And underneath the very young, too early in the time gauge to have social consciousness, grind out with primordial emphasis the tune Brown Sugar and cry, stifled.
Whereupon the saxophone with very poor embrochure blasts, and in doing so reintroduces and emphasizes that painful search.
This is today's new beginning.

Black booted, harshly laughing, eyeing each other, with a twinkle of immediate knowing, laugh again harshly.

The clang of the cymbal - bell initiates the rough blues in a simple way.
Wail harp wail as the simple minor scale on the guitar underneath creates the total atmosphere.
Following along the bass swings with a dominant ring.
Then the in - sync vocals drill it in. Yeah

And in all this calm exists and the harmony of the looping melody brings a restfulness and contentment that for a moment forgets the tensions of the time.
Sing together
sing out loud

Two Poems By Craig Dreyer

"MINESHAFT" by Will Schmidt (12th grade)

NEW YORKERS
I love when the garbage is spewed on the street.
its lonesome smell is somehow appealing.
My friends think I am a far - away dreamer.
I think I am a New Yorker.

I love when the two black reefer smoking cab drivers thank the white child of capitalism (though an advocate of socialism) asking him if he wants a toke.
For his soul exists just as theirs.
And theirs just as his,
And they both can toke together.
They are New Yorkers.

The leftover hippie child can enjoy a violent science fiction movie.
He can also enjoy the smell of leaf, and tree, and bough, and bud and flower.
In Spring his walking takes him far, far into the dreamlanmd of Central Park.
His drug induced hallucinations stem from his inner poetry, Not from the drug merely.
He is from New York,
He is a New Yorker.

The paranoid wretch jerks his head back and forth,
thinking he sees someone he knows.
Someone who will come up to his perch above the street and cast him down.
No one will,
But that is okay.
He is a New Yorker.

I love that poor somnambulent nodding junkman.
His life revolving around the snorting of his brown dust God.
He can still talk politically.
He can still discuss philosophy.
He is still intelligent.
He is still alive.
He is not lost.
He remains.
He is,
He is New York,
He is a New Yorker.

Drawing by Zack Barowitz (12th grade)

IT HURTS

It hurts not to know what is causing the pain. No one available to give counsel. No mentor to give an explanation. There's only the pain. The pain with the unknown source.

The source seems so distant in finding. Yet may be so near in standing.

The pain that seems so useless. But, in reality a necessity to all. Protection is not always best.

In order to know when to retreat, one must have first been in combat.

Kimberly Mitchell
eleventh grade

Make me white
as pure as snow.

Make me as pure
as the White Man

that came to share my
wretched soul.

- Kimberly Mitchell

SWALLOWING THY HURT

Swallow thy hurt; Oh thine heart
Swallow thy tears; Oh thine eyes
The man in black has gone
but he has come back! You will hurt nor
cry anymore
for him.
So go to! Go to!
Laugh — be content for he has returned
clar as day, dark as night;
A sky raging with orange and red.
Study that for it is the beat of
your heart for the man who is
always in your thoughts; who is
gone but has he come back?
If so, then he shall have to go.
I will hurt nor cry anymore
for him.

Kristin Carpenter
tenth grade

STRUGGLE
Ever wan'na take on the world?
Amass all the power of the world
into one immensely powerful being,
and then take it on, one to one
Not to try to conquer to rule,
but to pit your strength,
you will, your soul.
Into a battle you should never
be able to win, but you will.
Because you will never let yourself be conquered,
not by anything, not by anybody, not even,
yourself!
You can never lose,
because you never fight for yourself,
you always fight for somebody else!

David Changar
twelfth grade

Photo: Fitzjohn O'Neal

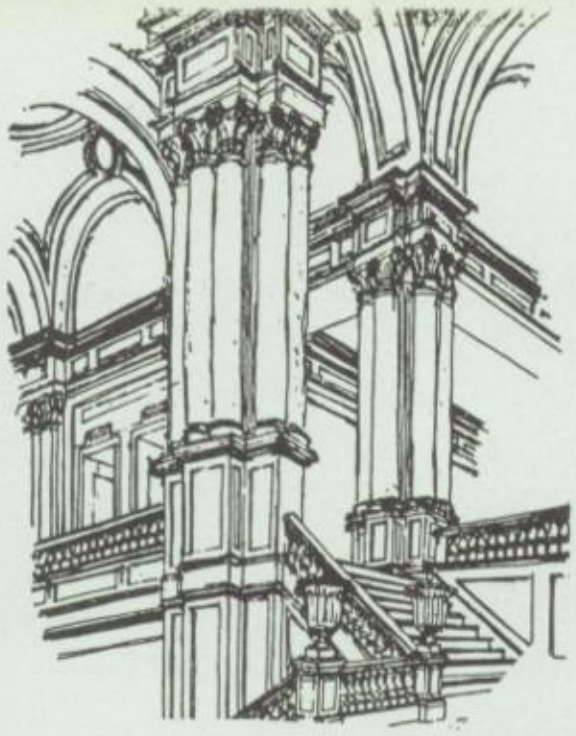
THE BILL OF FREEDOM
We came to America
On those ships of old,
Forced by strangers
With no promises of gold.
Travelling over the rough seas,
Hunger, sickness, and beatings
To our knees.
Coming to this land of plenty,
Treated badly,
With bellies empty,
Planting the fields
and building roads,
Cooking, cleaning,
And carrying heavy loads.
As slaves for many years
Being bought and sold,
We wanted our freedom,
And that made us bold.
With the help of brave ones,
Like Harriet Tubman
And John Brown,
Through the underground railroad
Freedom was to be found.
Abe Lincoln and the Civil War
Brought forth the
Emancipation Proclamation
Which settled our score.
Our history is rich and proud
With these voices of equality,
Singing loud,
From Frederick Douglass,
To Martin Luther King,
The Bell of Freedom
Will always ring.

NICHOLAS LEICHTER
eighth grade

Above: Michèle Hartley; below left: Darren Palmer; below right:David Netto

Above: Susan Horowitz; below right: Will Schmidt

Above left/below left: Brian Kingman; opposite right: Natasha Fried, Saahir Lone

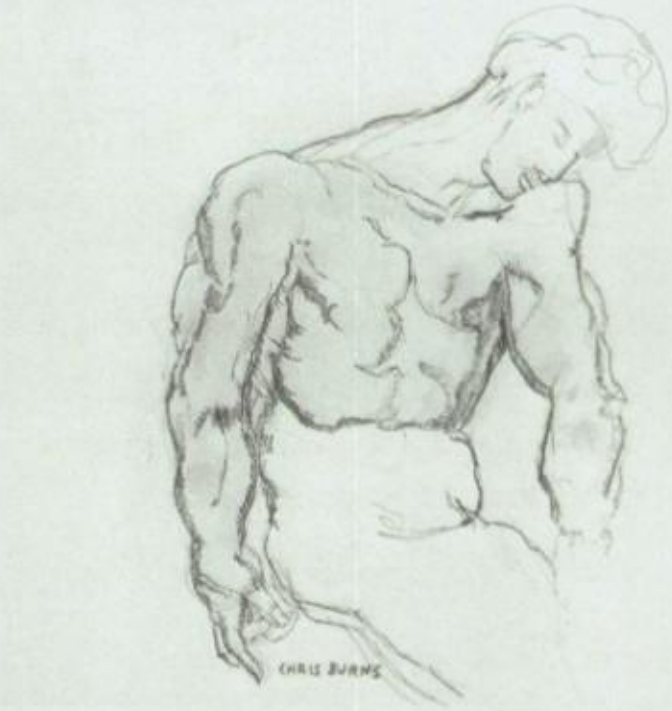


Above: Chris Srern; right: David Netto, Shane Keller, Chris Burns, Brian Kingman

SPREAD A SHOWER

Spread a shower
a tower
a breath
What can you have besides life and death
flowing those tears away from your mind
leaving desertion behind
mystery calling on stairway to hell
but heaven prefers when you don't have to sell
your soul to the demons and magical folds
of blue bells and sea-shells with glittery gold
breathtaking highways
up and out
normal, why normal
because there's no way about
into the grass lands flittery way
of blowing and showing, why do you say
when you wander
holding your eyes, do you ponder of skies?
aching and peeling out of your way
do you whistle and follow or do they always stay?
you know in the starlight elephants groan
all crickety crackety
all so old
your shoving aside the dreams of your earth
while you quietly watch
the birth of a flower
paging the showers in springtime.
hearing the words only by sunrise
into your heart, only surprise
conscience or un- of
this all taking place, I
only can tell by your eyes of the face.
Blowing away down the earth for a day
and watching a rabbit decline
Showing a party forever untold
starting to fire and cease the old
shout away horrors, retreat from the breast
Showing the world without a rest
crying unseen by the followers,
you choose to lose the battle
BUT WAIT . . .
I was wrong - too late goes the song.
You hear the children at peace again.
Your chattering heart takes a stop,
all's well in your head and above, in the sky
lies a reassuring drop
it falls gently and in your hair,
it shows you where in life those who care . . .
"and she's buying the stairway
to heaven!"

-CALINE WELLES
Eighth Grade

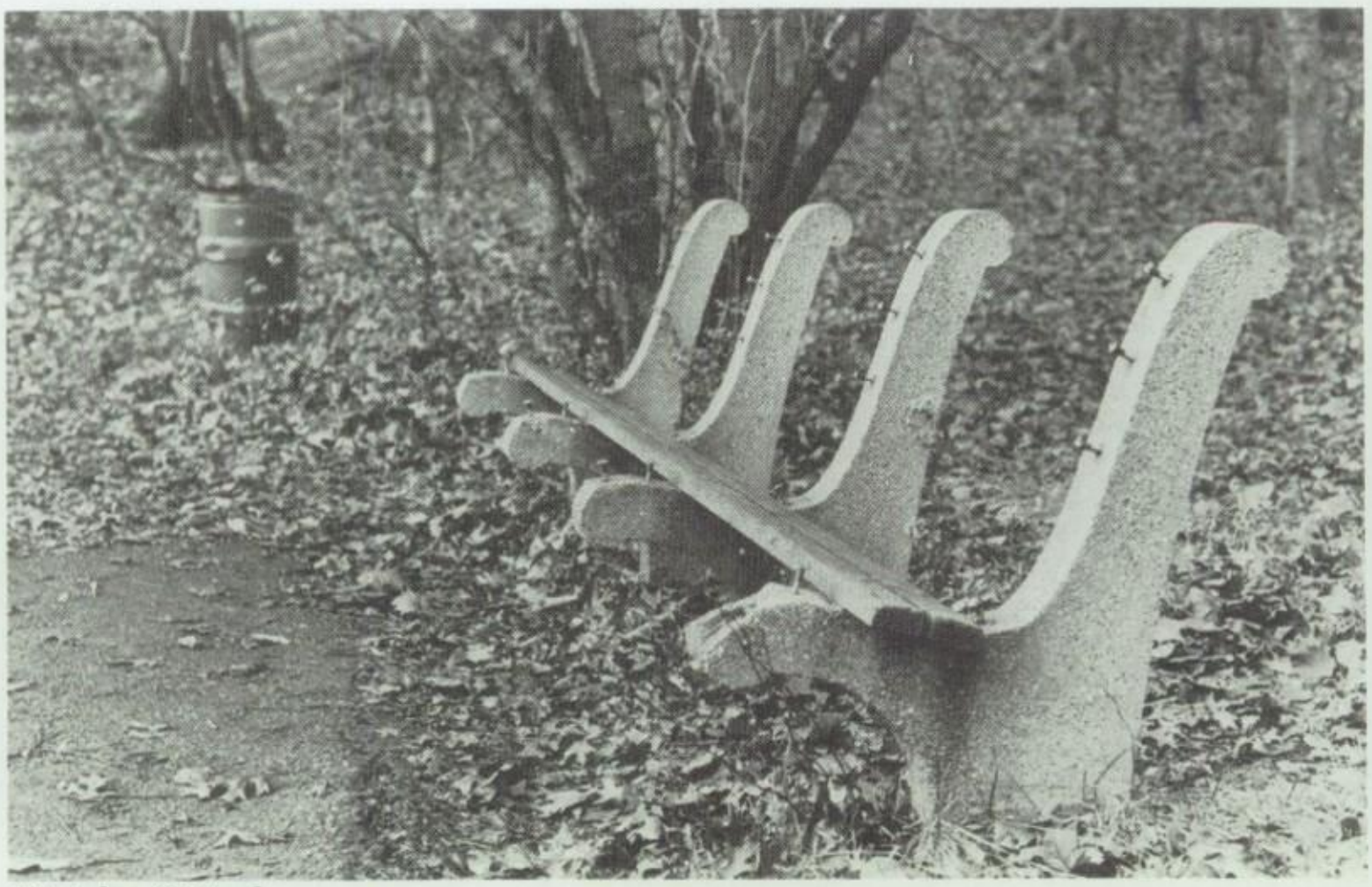


Brian Kingman

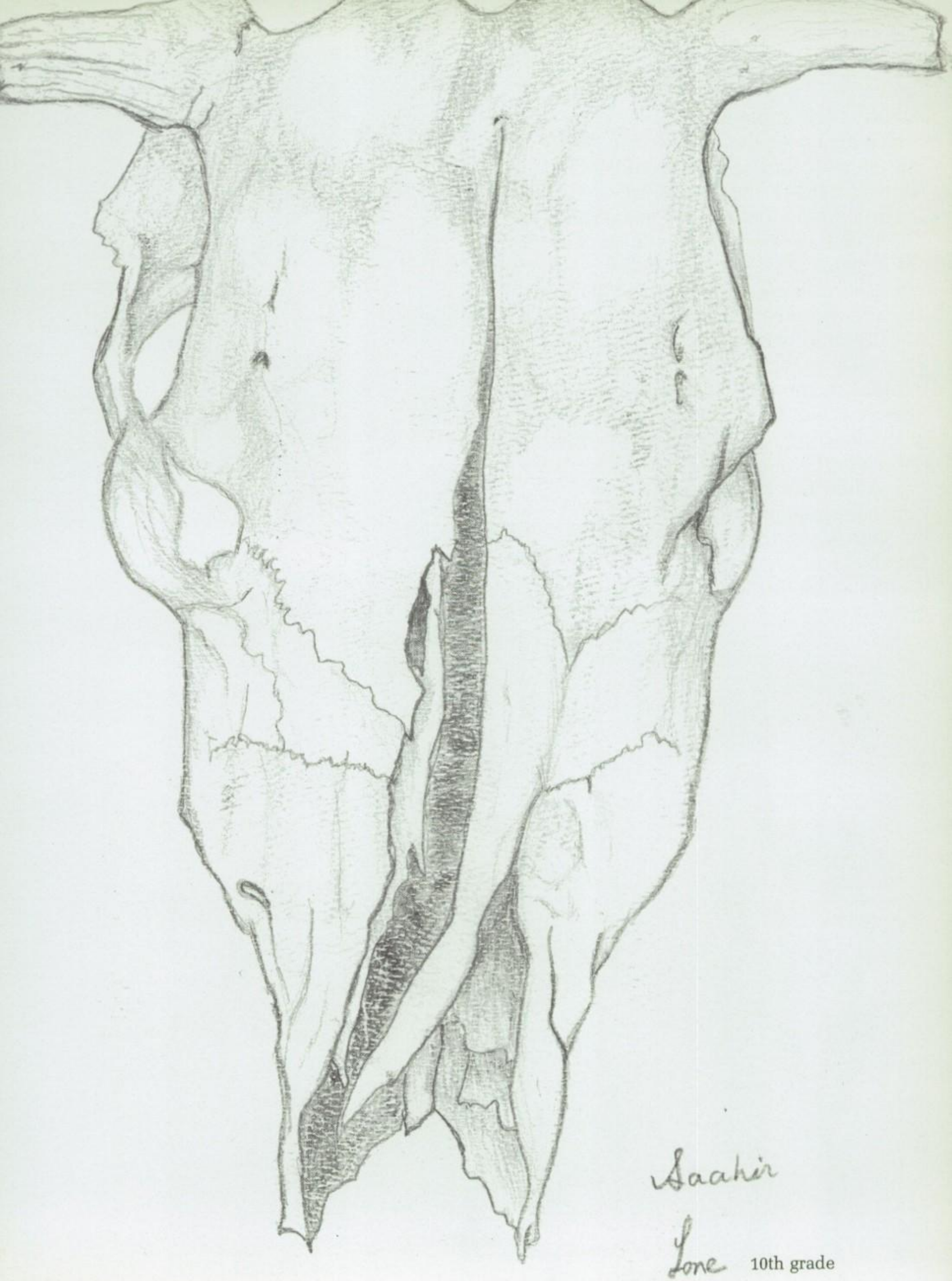
THE BAR

I gaze toward the source of my enjoyment
  and the bartender winks an eye.
Two more and I'll be sheltered
  from fear I cannot hide.
He knows about my problems,
Thé big and the small,
  and often tries to solve them.
He thinks in terms of liquid
  and cash that flows free.
  making cyncial comments
  aiming them at me.
I reply with my expressions
  and hurl them back at will.
But then we wind up resting
  he gives me one for free
  the subtle friendship
  allowing me to be.
And all which drove me to this place
  is left behind to wait.
One more and I'll be sheltered
  from tears that spring from hate.
The sadness and the sorrows
  seem to fade and lighten up.
As I think of tomorrow
I place my lips upon my cup.

DARREN PALMER
twelfth grade



Fitzjohn O'Neal
eleventh grade



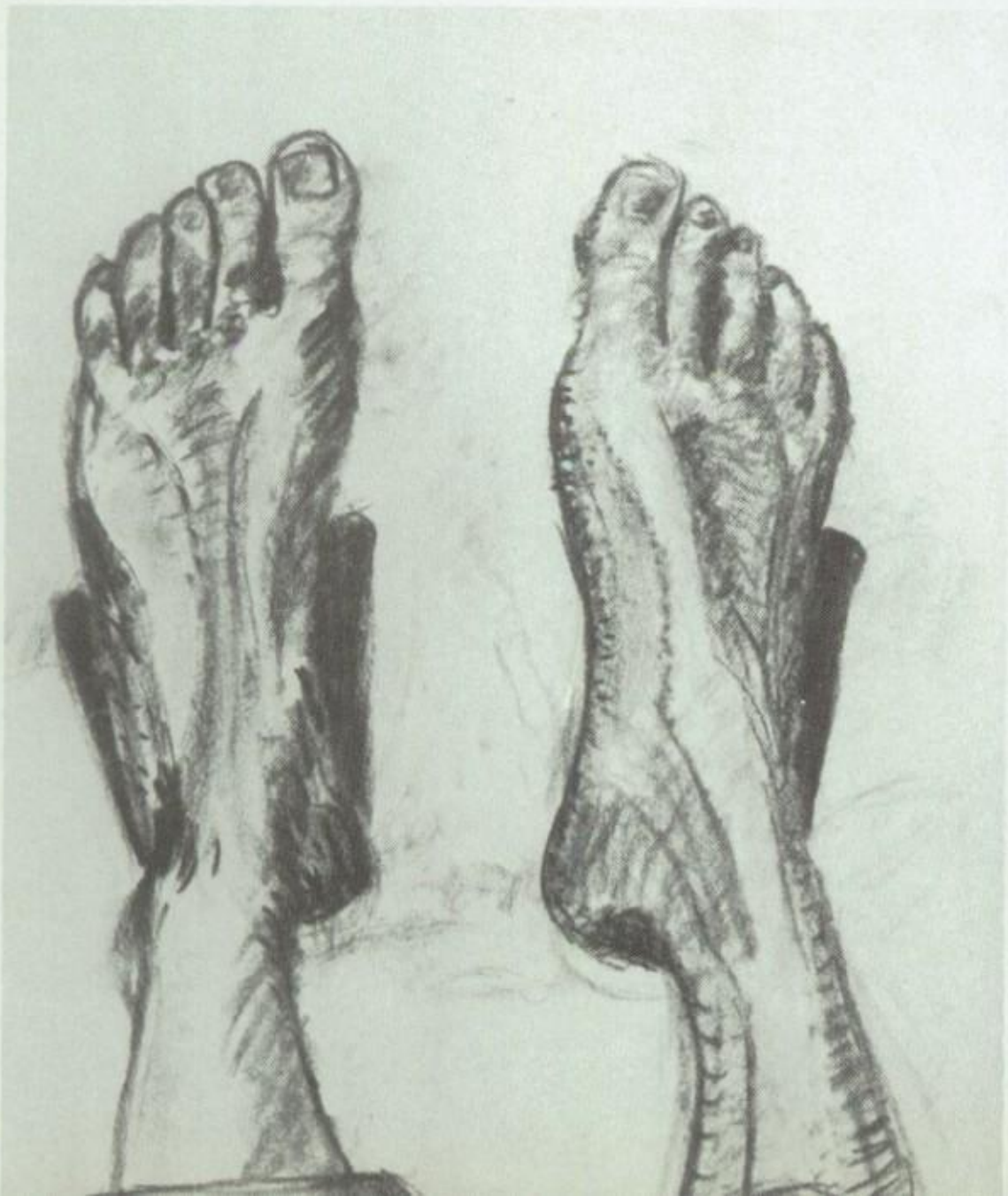
Saahir

Lone 10th grade

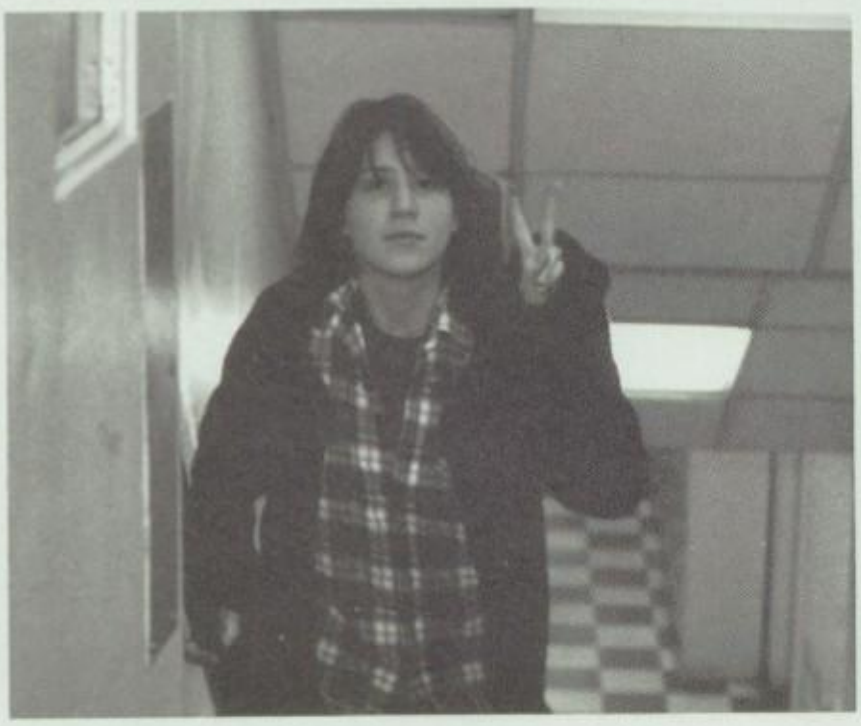
A.P. BIOLOGY

Albért is a friendly man.
Perhaps he does the best he can.
But the stuff he teaches is confusin'.
He tries hard to explain diffusion,
Osmosis, reproduction, cell membranes and the like;
But it ain't as easy, I'll tell you, as falling
Off a bike.
We sit in class and hope to pass the tests
That he will give;
And listen to him lecture on what it is
That makes us live.
But they're complex, these processes of life
That so abound,
And when I try to learn them, my mind
Runs into the ground.
Yes, Albért is a friendly man
Who tries to make us understand.
But there's one thing, one little thing
That he just doesn't see:
It's impossible for me to learn
A.P. Biology

Ian Wheeler - Nicholson
twelfth grade



Drawing: Michèle Hartley
12th grade



Yael, just one more question about my Brown essay . . .

FRESH

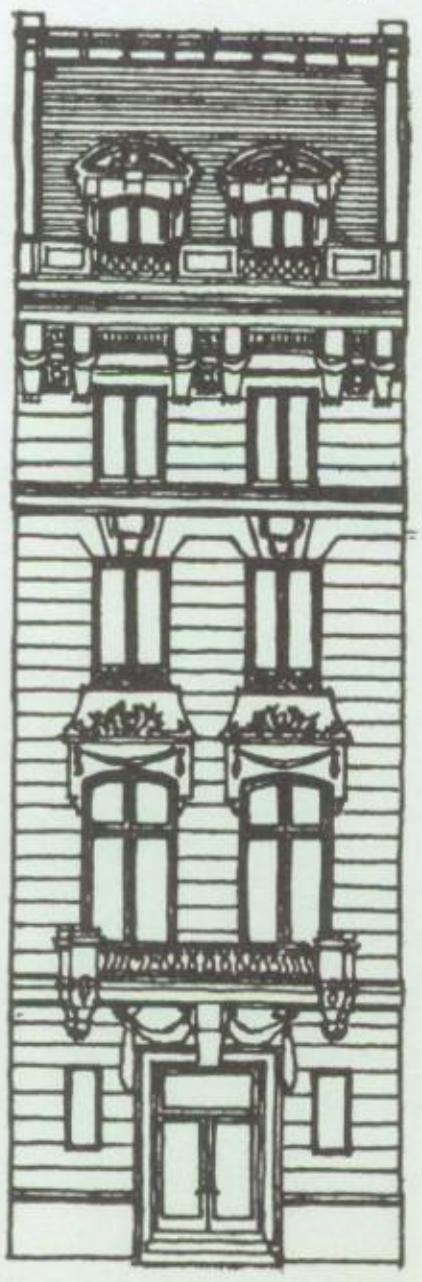
FRAGMENTS

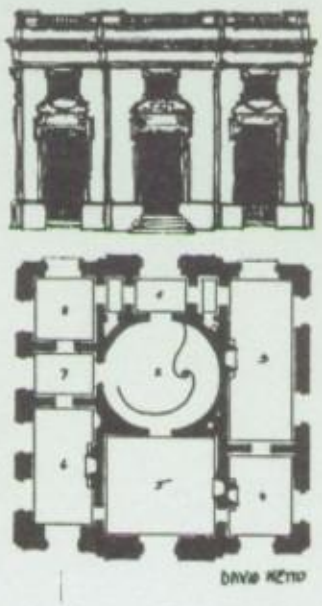
The dark of the moon,
Like a very sharp spoon,
An eclipse of the sun,
On a bed made halfdone,
A cat chasing a dog,
A mid-winter fog,
Swimming on hand
Or walking on water
Giving birth to a son,
And then having a duaghter.
The glass is half empty
(Or is it half full)?
A boat is a tug and a tug
Is a pull.
Sometimes things aren't
Plain and normal.
Sometimes they aren't just
As they seem.
And no one stops and thinks,
This isn't reality.
It's just a dream.
I end this poem
With one more confusion:
Is this really life
Or is it an illusion?

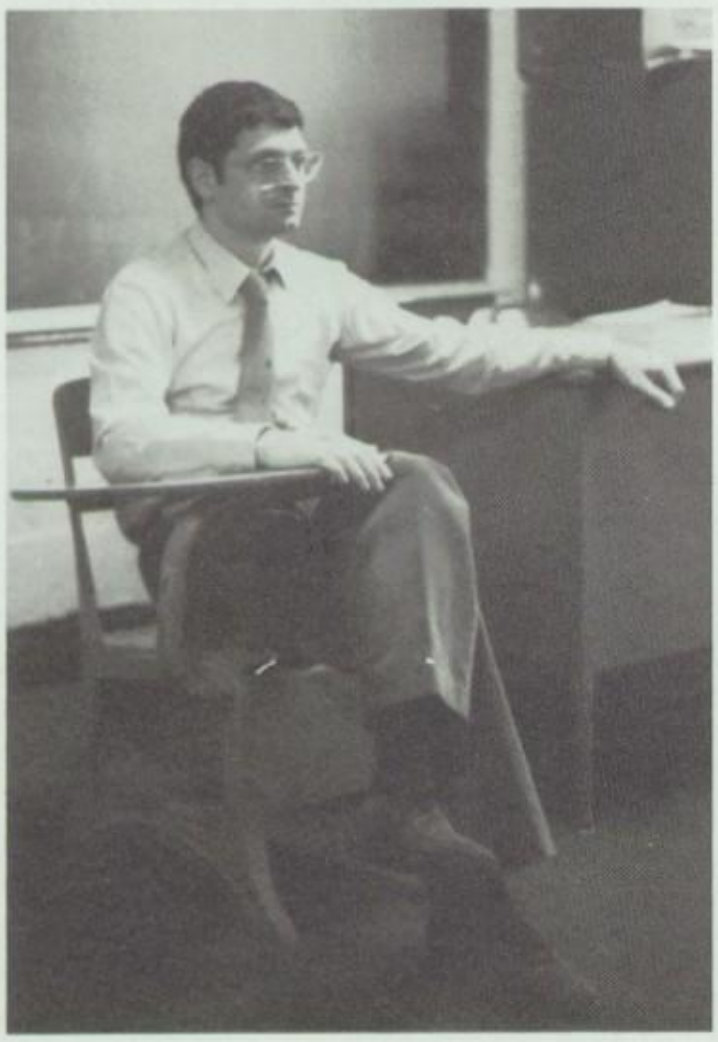
KATRINA FRIED
eighth grade

above left: John McFaul; bottom left, Jessica Jacoby; upper right, Lael Jacobs; center right, Leela Corman, eighth grade; lower right, Chris Burns, tenth grade

drawing of a Town House
David Netto, eleventh grade



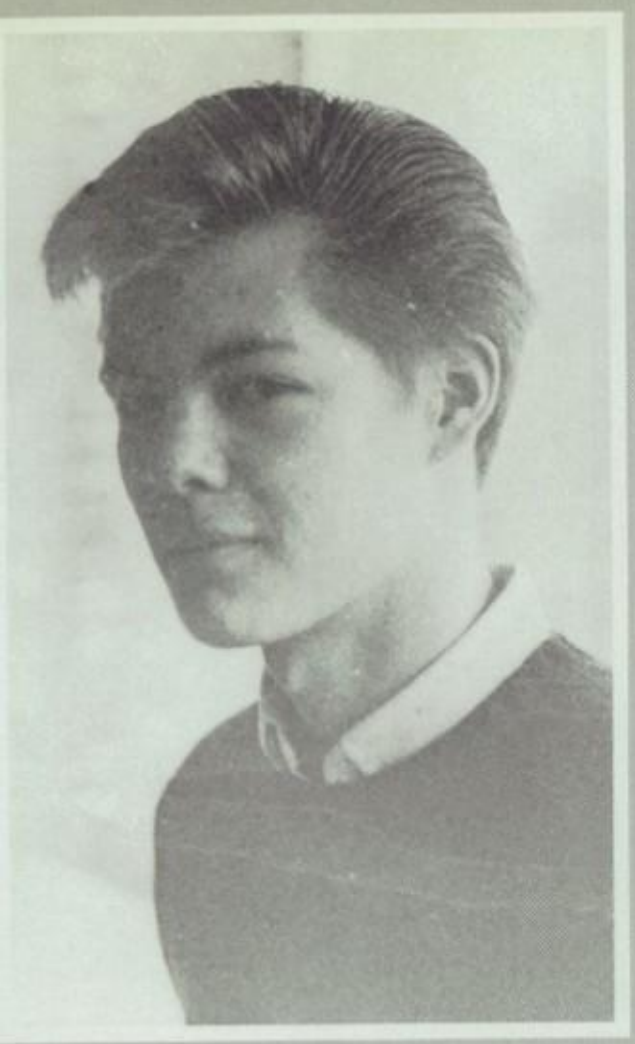




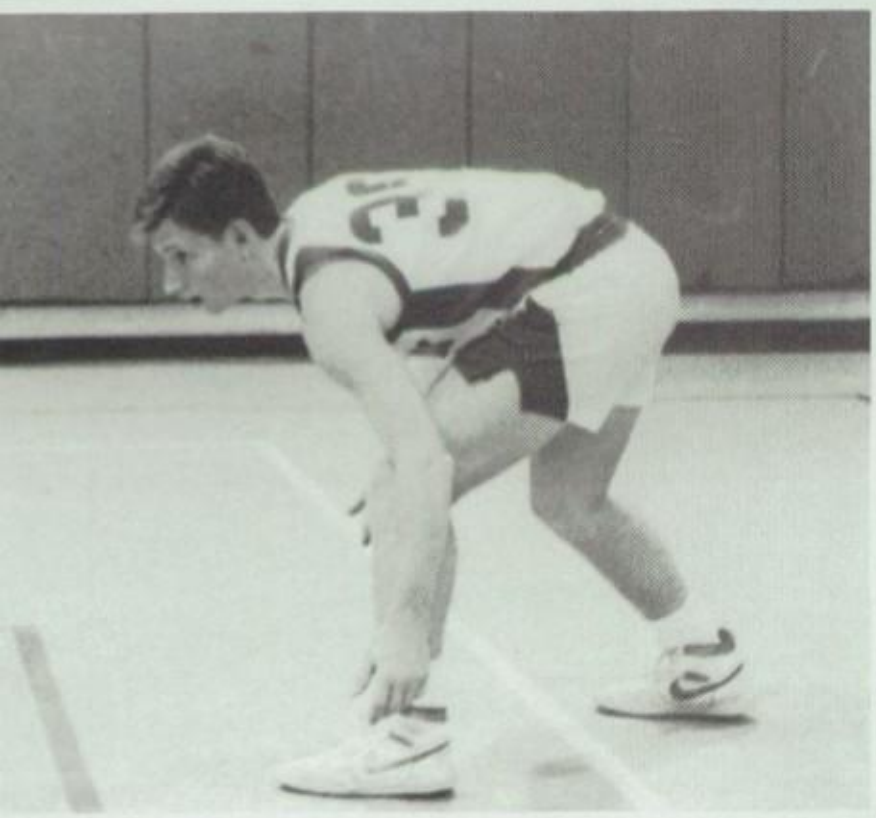
AIR

TREVOR RIVERA

from bowl to ball



R & R



Hey, Eric, wait for me!

ERIC ROSENBERG

Black is beautiful

CARA

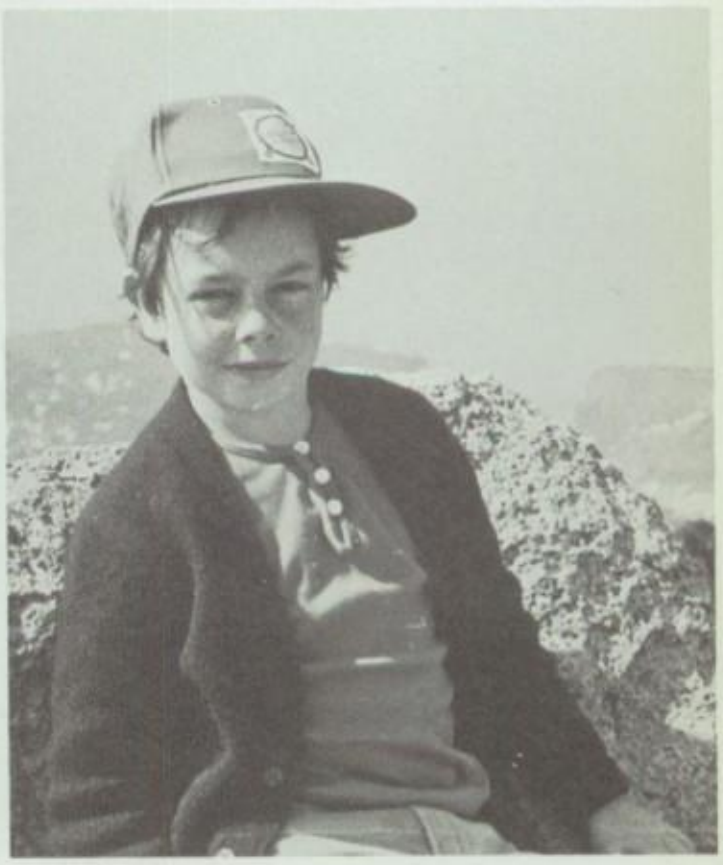
LEIB

DAVID SOCHET

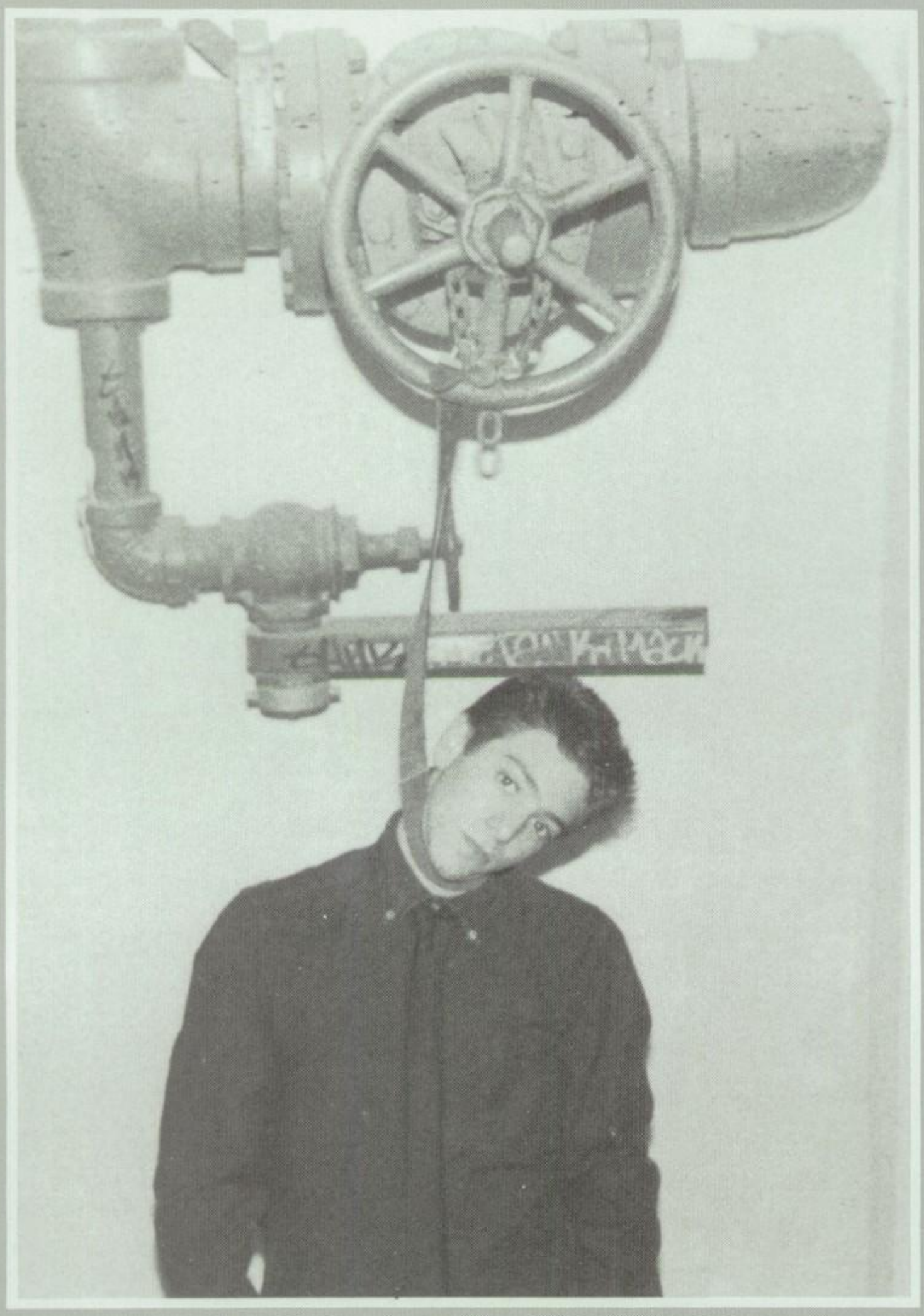
Disarm . . .
Before it
is . . .
too late

LOVE
PEACE
and
JUSTICE
David Sochet

EDWIN MOY



DANIEL STECKLER



JUSTIN MORDECAI VOGEL

Slipping up and down his writhing side
his eyes begin to ponder pride
Subjective pics of misled youth
Before him lies the Dreadful truth
'undignified,' 'insignified' -
his wrist onto the razor slides.
You never know. "Bauhaus," from *Beggars' Banquet.*

Zachary Barowitz

SUSAN LEVINE

IN MY LIFE

There are places I remember all my life, some forever, not for better, some have gone, and some remained. All these places have their moments with lovers and friends I so can recall, some are dead and some are living. In my life, I loved them all but of all those friends and lovers, there is no one who compares with you and these memories lose their meaning when I think of love as something new. Though I know I'll never lose affection for people and things that went before, I'll often stop and think about them. In my life I love you more!

- John Lennon

"This is the end of another chapter in my life."

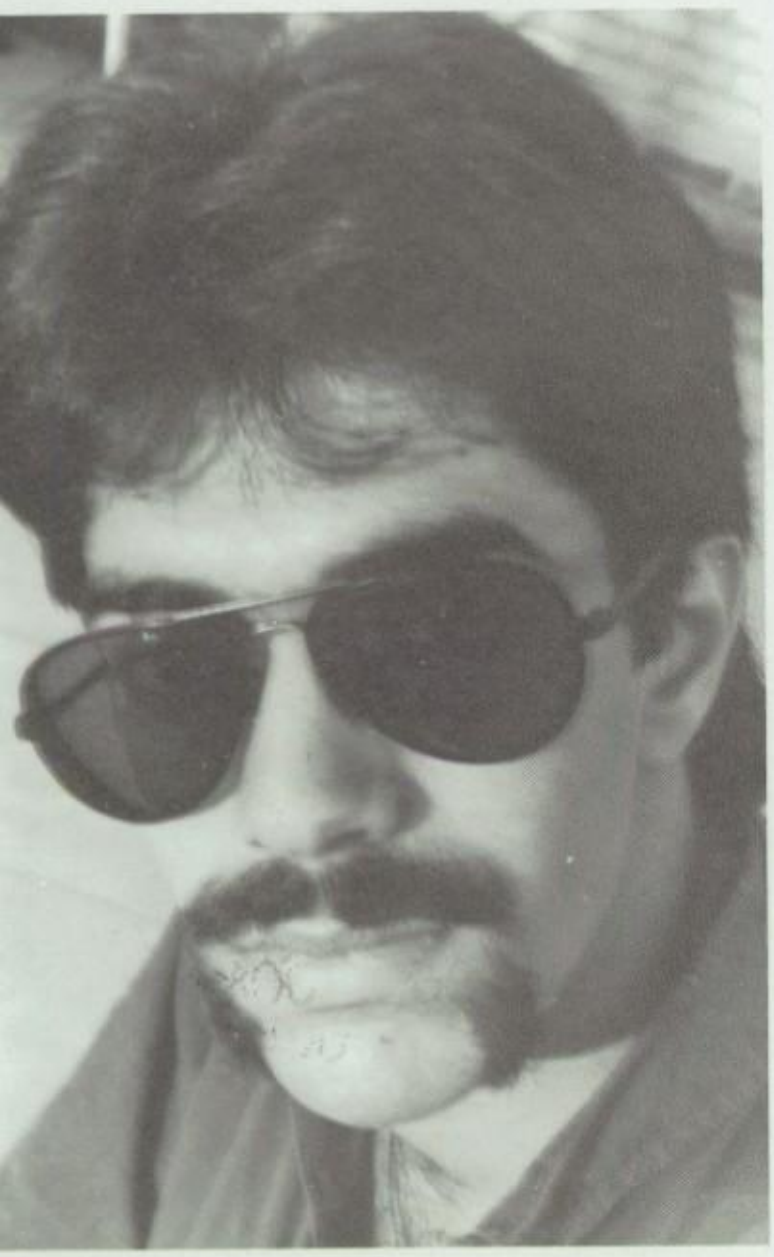
he don't know me very well, do he? - Bugs Bunny

Life is full of little surprises. - Pandora

"If this is foreplay, I'm dead!"
- Cocoon

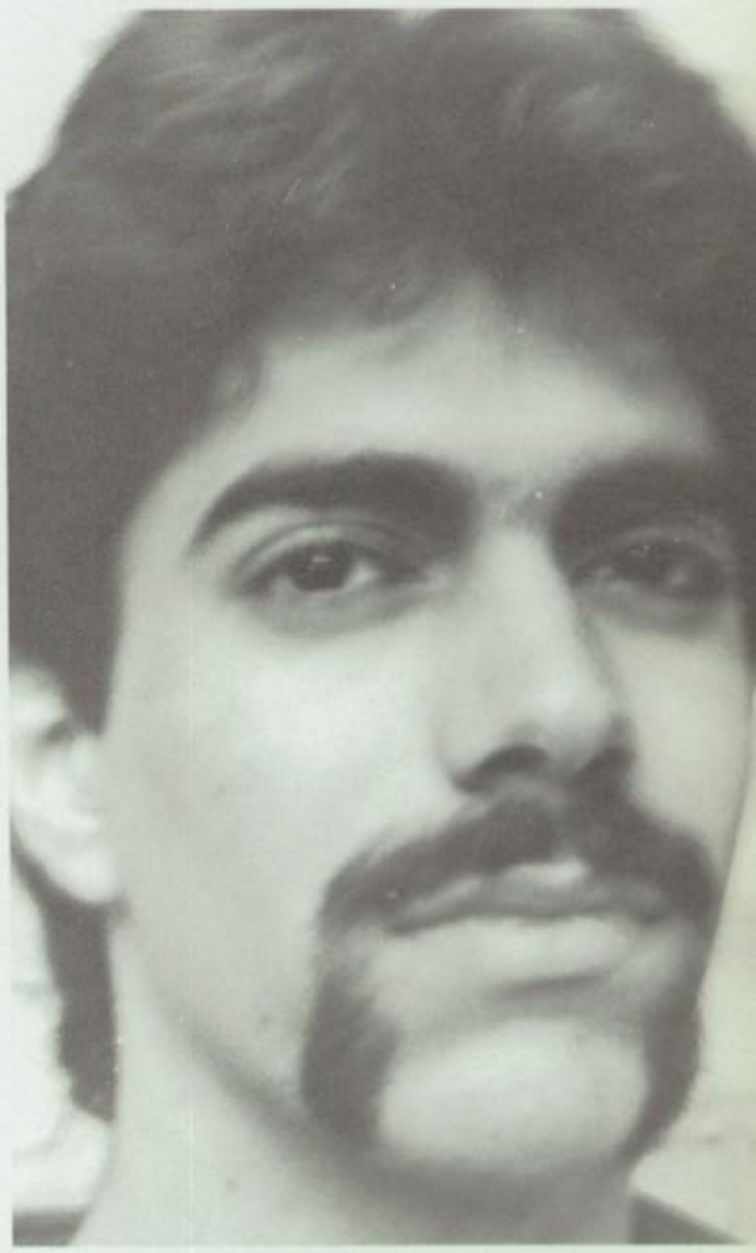
'Weird' is a relative, not an absolute term.
- Baron Frank N. Furter

"... nobody's perfect!" - Joe E. Brown, in movie: *Some Like it Hot*



t is true, I am only a wanderer,
a pilgrim on this earth!
But are you more? - J. W. Goethe

"A bumblebee isn't supposed to fly. Its body is too heavy and it's the wrong shape. The wingspread, too, is wrong for its size and shape. That makes it impossible that it should fly. But know what? The bumblebee doesn't know anything of the laws of aero-dynamics. So it goes ahead and flies, anyway. And they say, manages to make a little honey every day." - Barney Snow, in *The Bumblebee Flies Anyway,* by Robert Cormier.



"Freedom, is the freedom to say 2+2=4, after that all else follows." - Winston Smith, a character in George Orwell's *1984.*

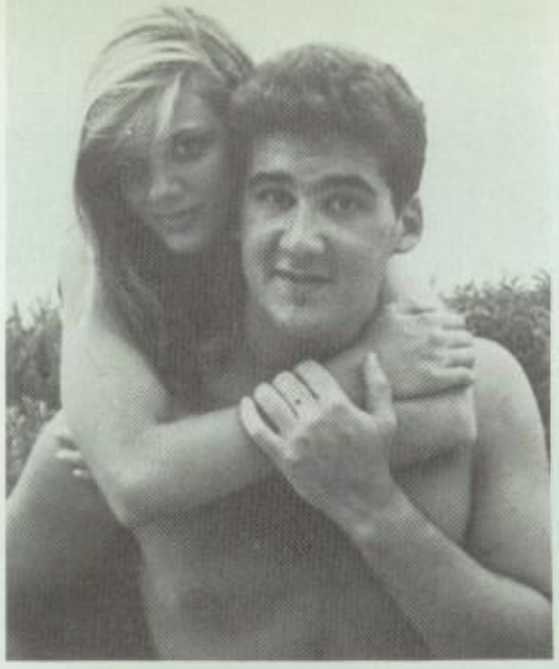
What do you mean, 'You've got a little job for me'? - Hercules

A wizard in the night-time
A sword in his mind

A laugh that though he doesn't know
Can bring the world alive.
-Celine

DAVID CHANGAR

UNCHANGED, AND YOU HIT THE GROUND RUNNING- V.H



BRIAN KINGMAN

DOUGLAS IAN THOMAS WHEELER - NICHOLSON

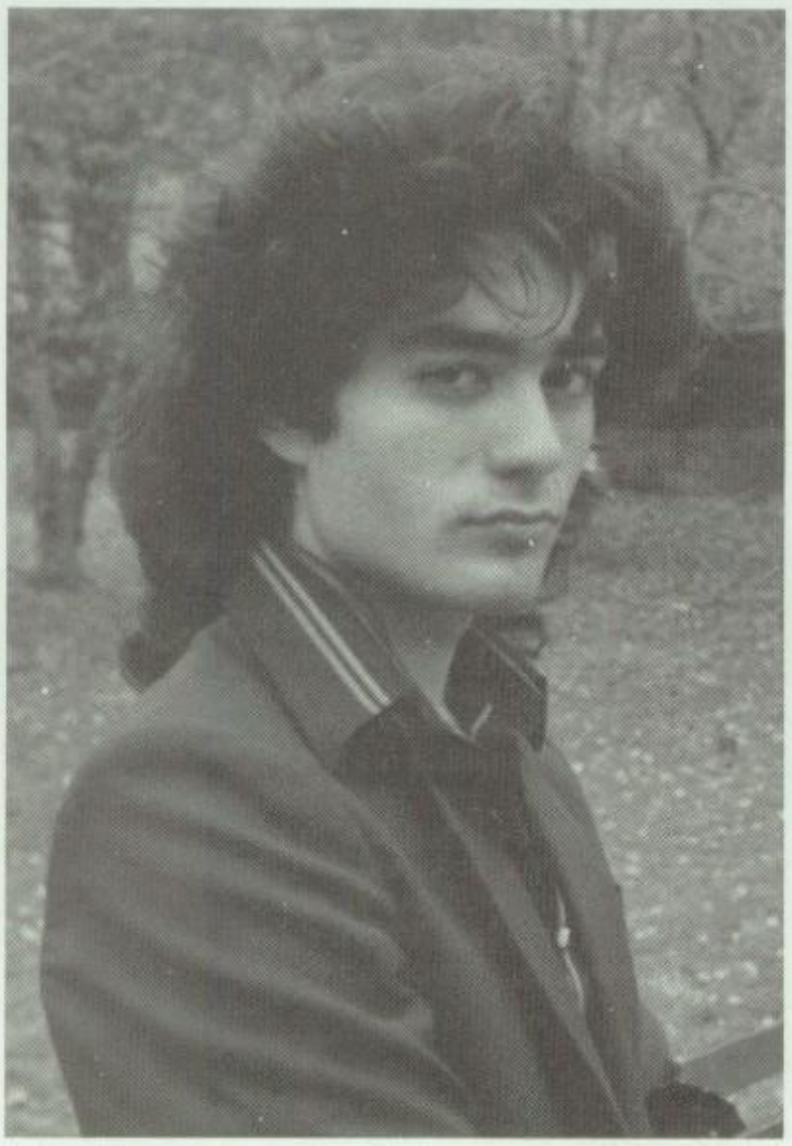
Be disloyal -
You owe it to your
country.
- Graham Greene

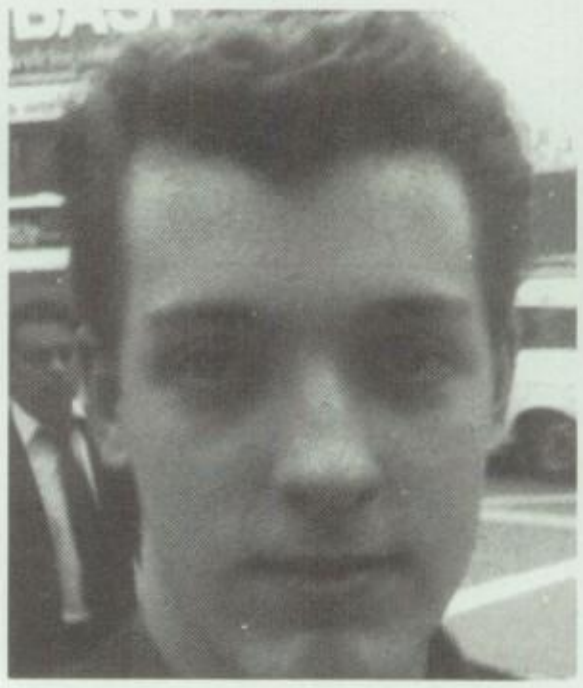
"I just woke up from
dreaming. I think."
-Elvis Costello

What can a man do but drink? - Graham Greene

I don't think you realize
the gravity of my cavity.
- Gumbo

The nightmares came
today
And it looks as if
They're here to stay.
- Bowie



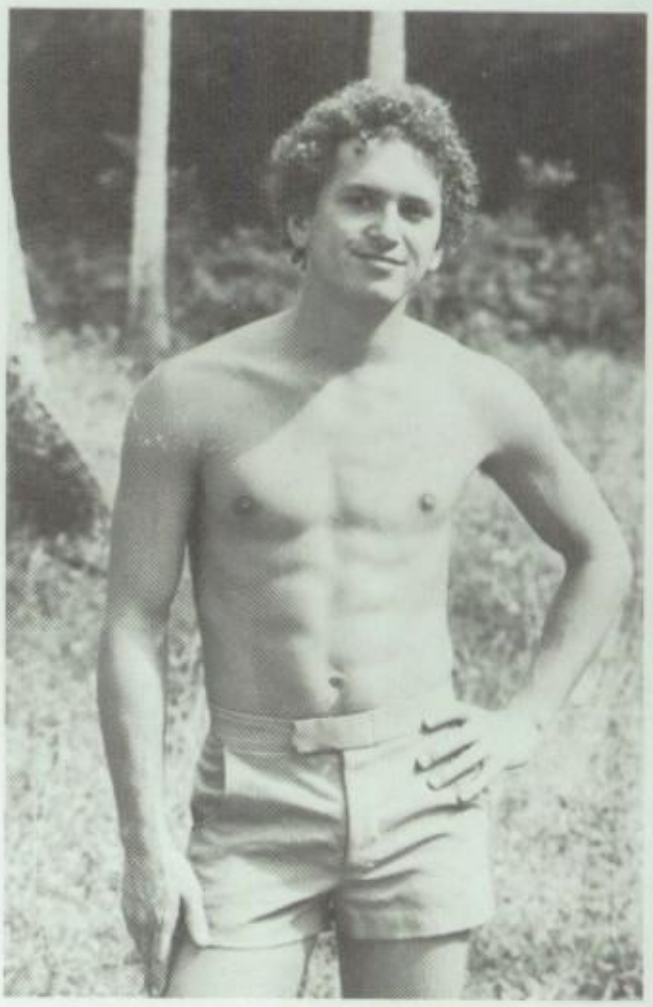


Andrew Peter Stein

I love my feet, french fries,
Arlo Guthrie,
snakes, my friends,
my rubber gorilla,
dancing, music,
my out of shape grey felt hat,
and
every human being that
ever lived,
with the exception of a
few
repugnant
swines.
You know who you are.
PEACE, MAN!
PEACE, WOMAN!

SARAH JANE BRIAN

"JORDIE"

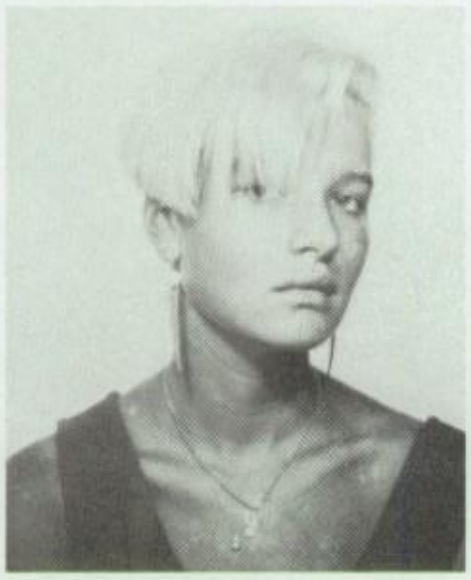


JULIAN LOCKHART

Miscellaneous

Show me the meaning of the world.

- The Pretenders



JULIE KOFMAN

The strongest guard is placed at the gateway to nothing. Maybe because the condition of emptiness is too shameful to be divulged.

- Fitzgerald

Love must not entreat or demand
Love must have the strength
to become certain within itself.
Then it ceases merely to be attracted
and begins to attract.

- Herman Hesse

You can't control an independent heart can't tear the one you love apart, forever conditioned to believe that we can't live, can't live and be happy with less. So many riches, so many souls, souls, everything we see we want to possess.

- Sting

Our stay on earth is not for long. Let us rejoice and believe and give thanks.

- Hemingway

Open your eyes and look within.
Are you satisfied with the life
You're living?

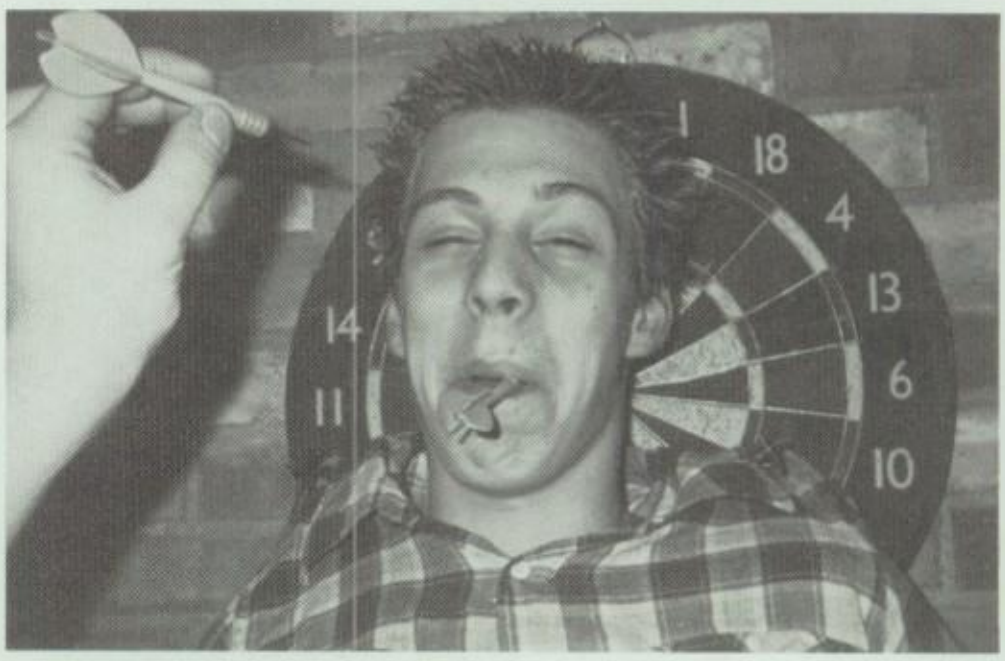
- Bob Marley

Shower the people you love with love,
Show them the way that you feel.
Things are going to be much better
if you only will.
- James Taylor

MEGAN KATHLEEN DEE

Time it was, and what a time it was,
it was - a time of innocence.
-Simon and Garfunkel.

Give me a fish and I'll eat for a day.
Teach me to fish, and I'll eat for a life-time.
-a favorite George Kirschner saying.



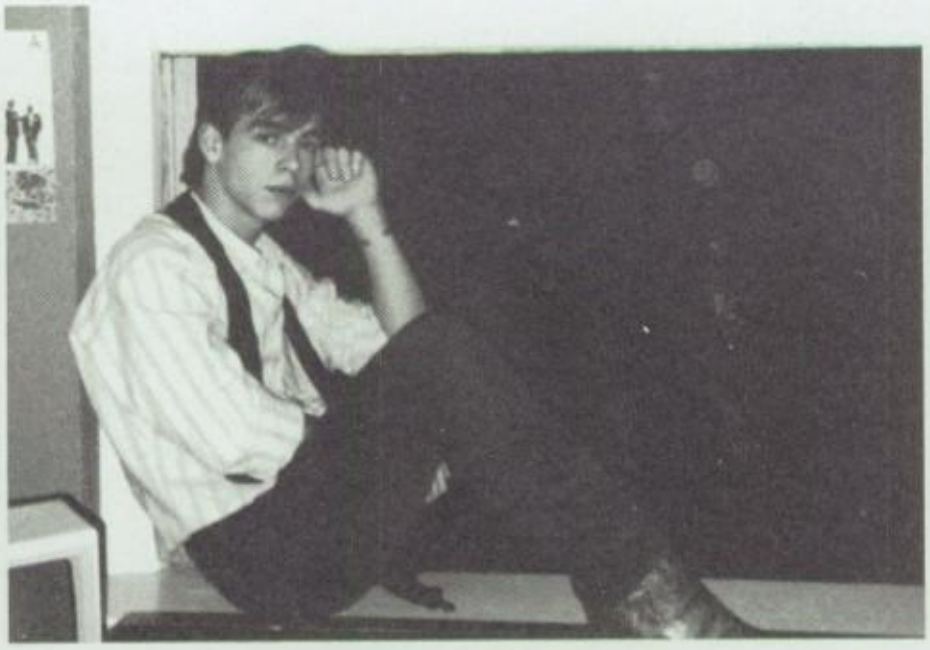
You know those new dictionaries that have all the hip words in them like "roller disco" or "clone" - I looked up "hanging out." Right there, between "hanging back" and "hanging plant" they had "hanging out." You know how they defined it? Loitering. I'd say it's more like dallying or lingering with intent to linger some more. I mean loitering; sounds like . . . you littered something liquid.
-Robert Kraft.

It's the things
you love the most
you end up pushing away,
and it ain't the times
you lose,
it's the dreams
coming true
that make you most afraid.
-Larry John McNally

Sometimes a person
has to go a very long
distance out of his way
- to come back
a short distance
correctly.
-Edward Albee, from
Zoo Story.

LIAM SEIDE

Christopher Roberts Wilford



"I may be drunk today, and tomorrow I will be sober, but you my dear will still be ugly."

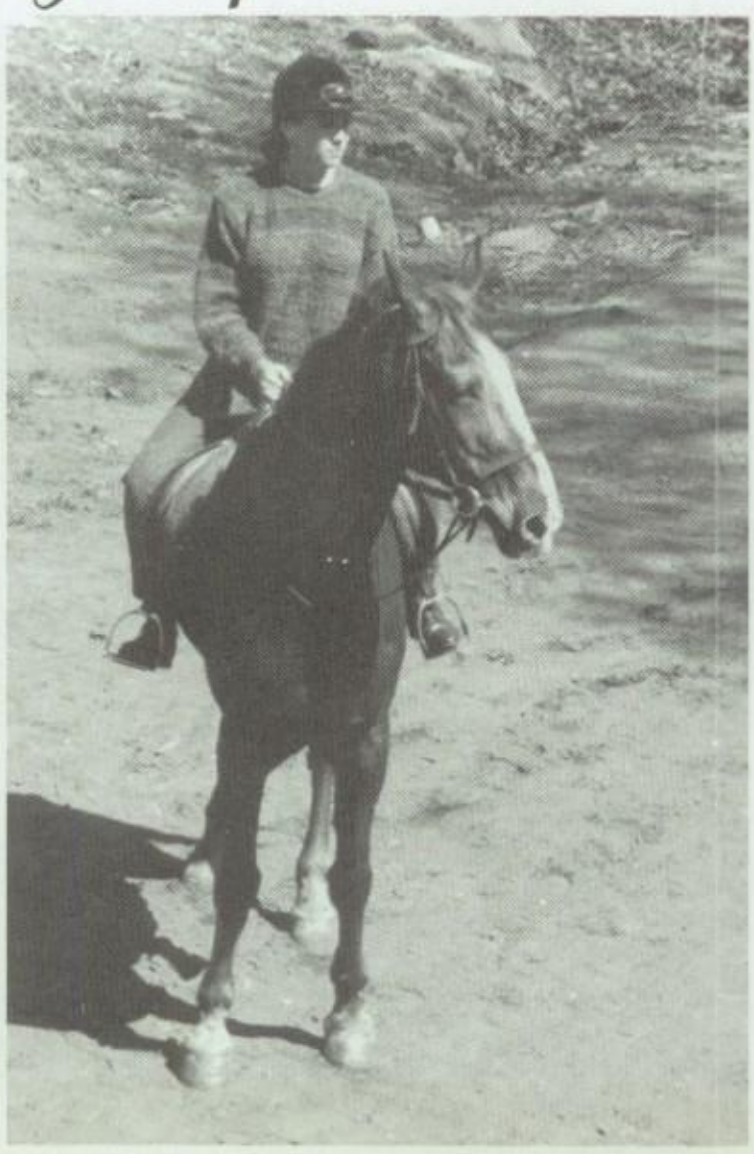
Anonymous

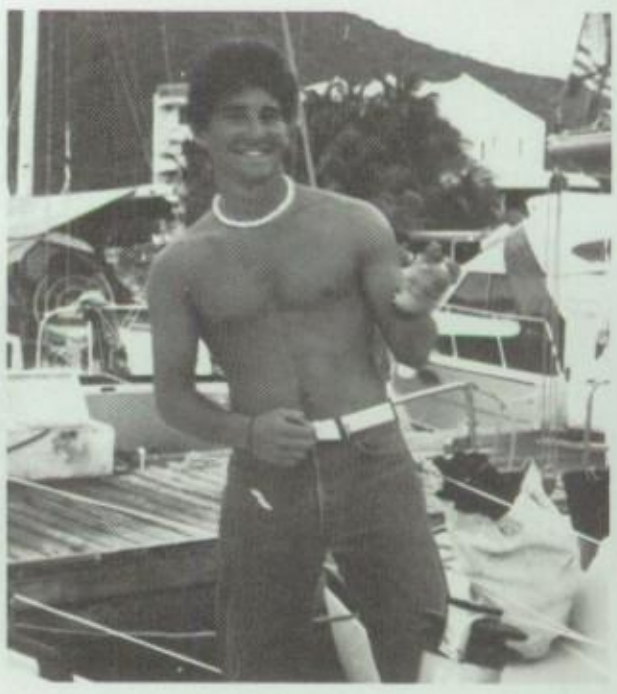
Sarabeth is my mother, and I still eat out every night.

"... good friends we had oh good friends we lost, along the way, in this great future you can't forget your past, so dry your tears I say. No woman no cry ..."

- Bob Marley

Jennifer Firestone





There was a little girl
who had a little curl
right in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good,
she was very, very good;
but when she was bad,
she was horrid.

Vanessa Lowenstein

If my attention is wandering, there is somewhere it wants to go, so obviously it does not want to be where I am holding it in the name of some self styled obligation.

- Hugh Prather, from *Notes to Myself.*

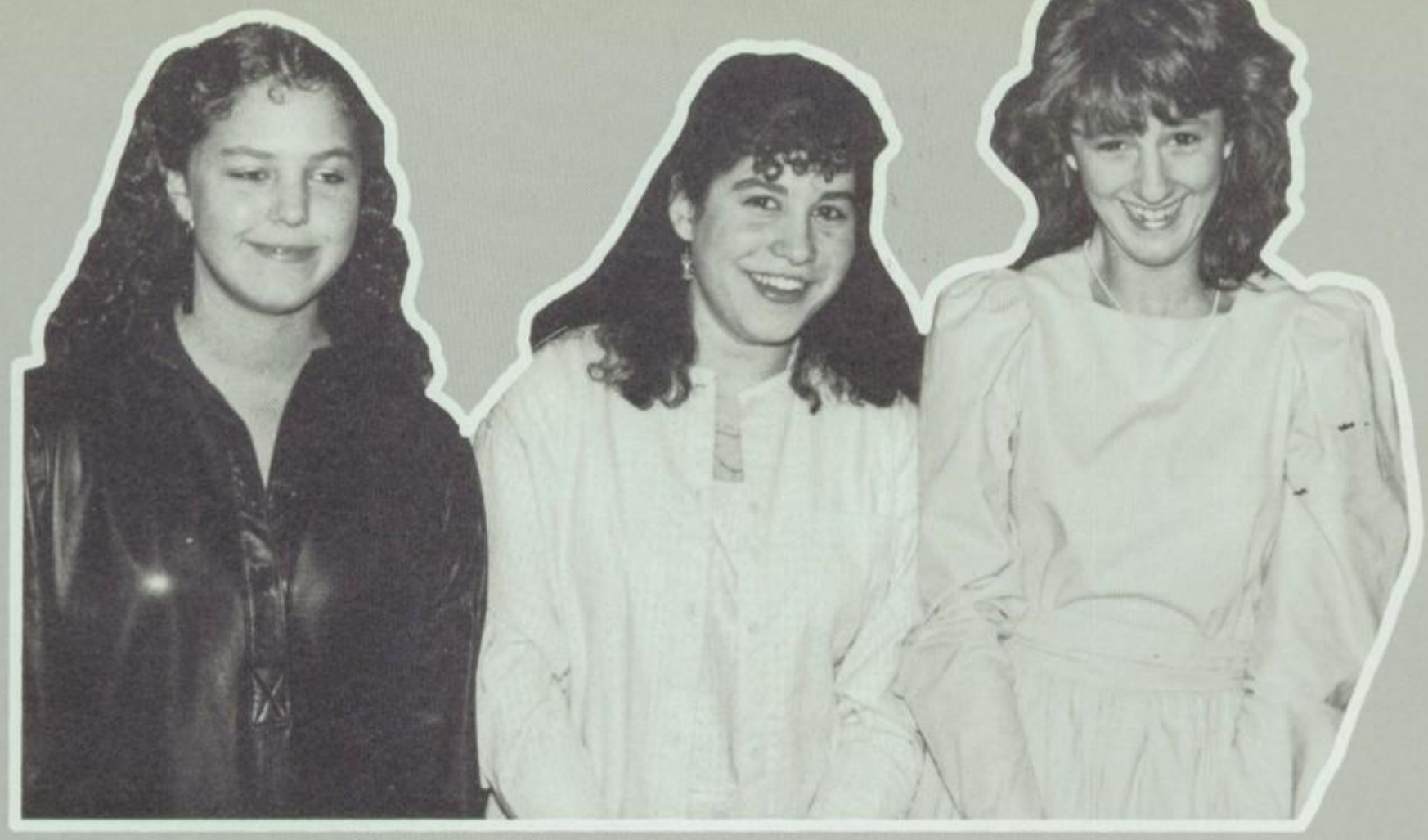
It is said that February is
the month for lovers,
a spring in winter.
Perhaps it is just an excuse to dance.

- Tai

Th-th-that's all folks.

- Porky Pig

BETH LYNN APPLEBAUM



"It's a mixed up
model
Of a shook up
world"
- The Kinks

Susan Joy Horowitz

I am a friend of all Nature!
I love people, and I love
birds,
And I love fish, and I love
animals,
And I love plant life!
I love without Reservation!
I love without Qualification!
I love even without Thinking!

Linus, from *Peanuts*®, by
Charles Shultz

Stranger than the stranger
who walks by my bed
shares in my life
lives although dead.
Stranger than the stranger, I am sure
stranger than the stranger on the shore.

- Squeeze

Anne-Marie Dilling

SHANE KELLER

out of control!

and if I ever lose my eyes
if my colors all run dry
yes, if I ever lose my eyes
oh if . . .
I won't have to cry no more
I'm being followed by a moonshadow
moonshadow - moonshadow
leaping and hopping on a moonshadow
moonshadow - moonshadow
and if I ever lose my mouth
all my teeth north and south
yes, if I ever lose my mouth
oh if . . .
I won't have to talk . . .

-Cat Stevens

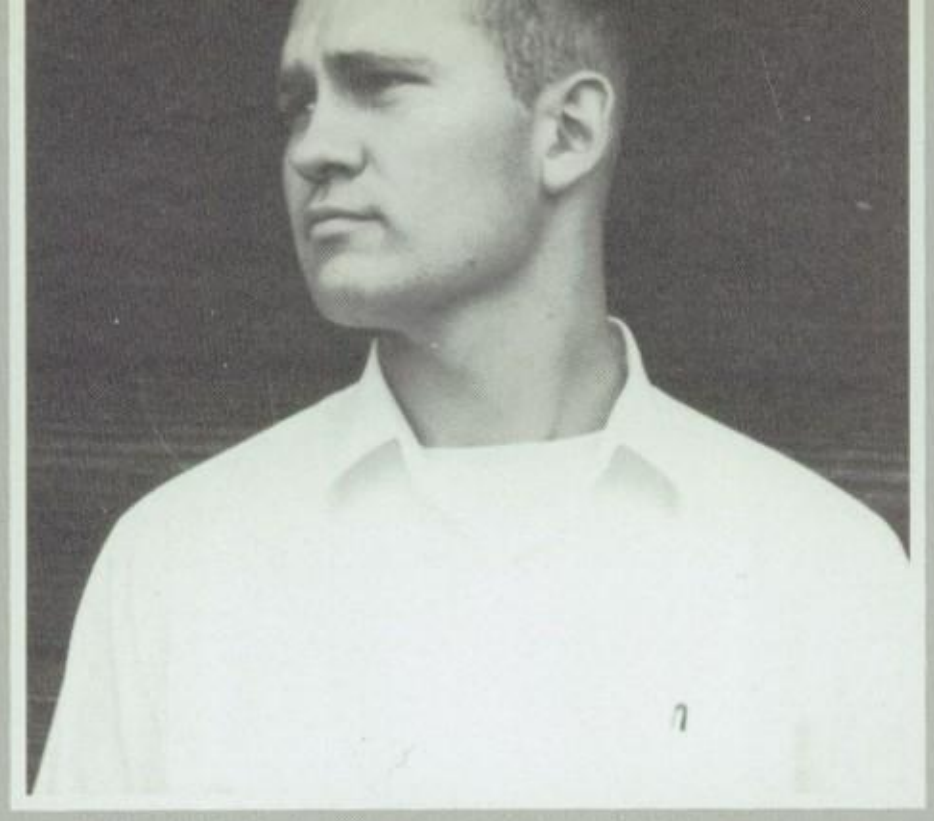
If there is no struggle
there can be no success.

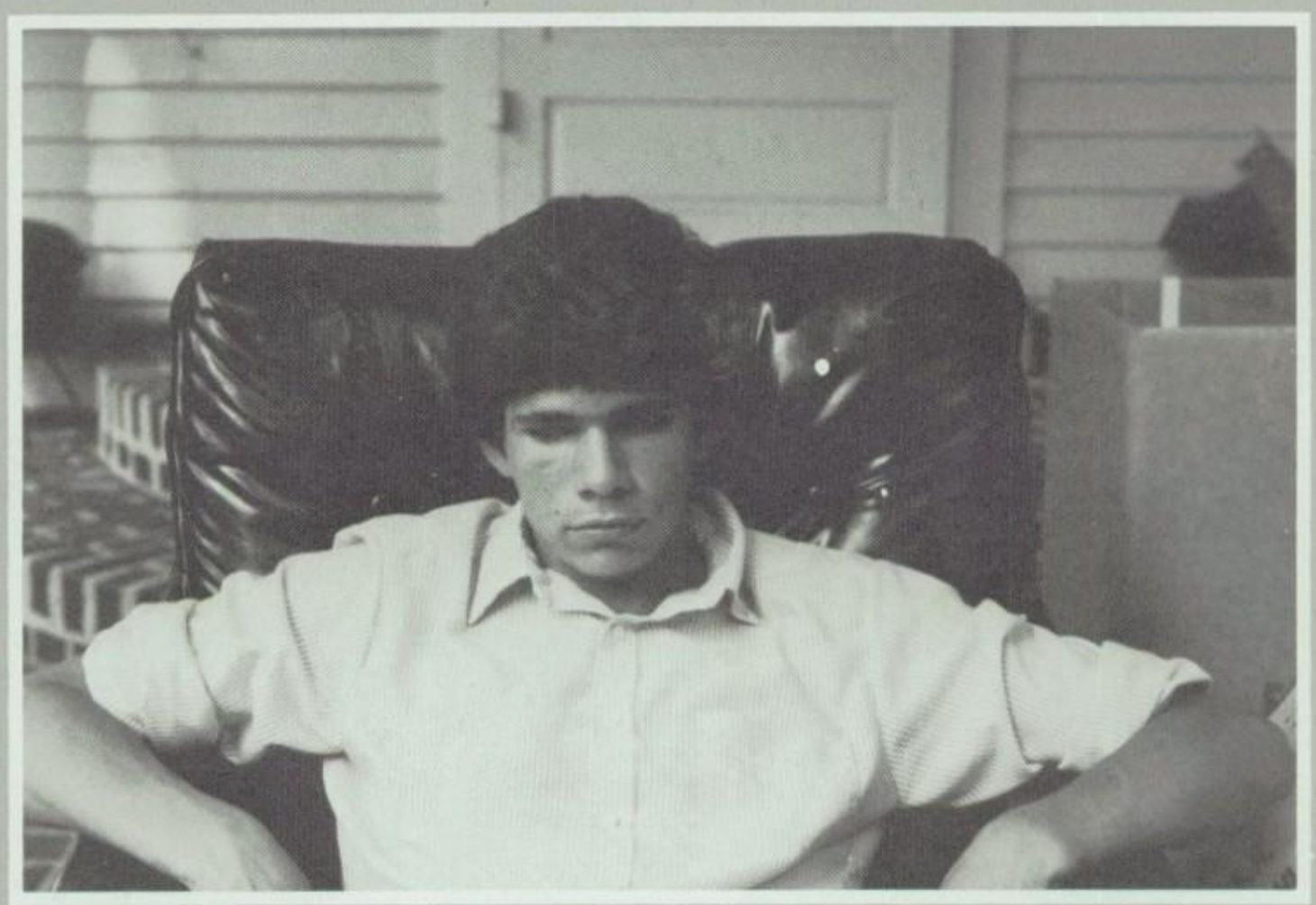
-Frederick Douglass

DANIELLE CUSTER

Independence
I never did, I never did, I never did like
"Now take care, dear!"
I never did, I never did, I never did want
"Hold my hand";
I never did, I never did think much of
"Not up there, dear!"
It's no good saying it. They don't
understand.

- A.A. Milne

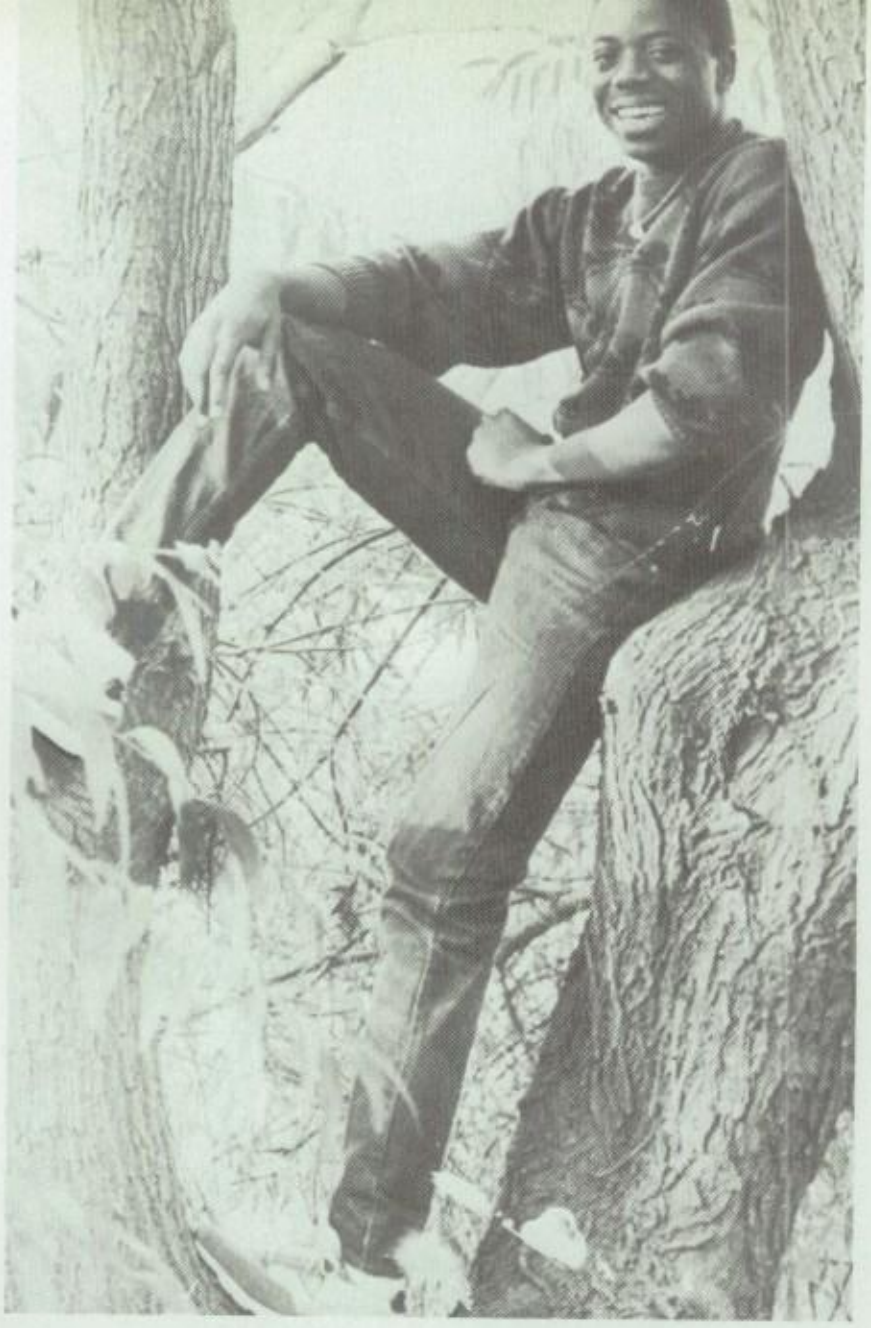




GREG EISMAN

Come, let me satisfy
your inner desire
Come, let me set
your innards afire
Let us join together in ecstasy
Let passion guide our destiny
Let me gratify your love
as no one other can
For you are my woman
And I am your man
And, as the purple dawn
consumes night
The love we have
we know is right.
Here shall we make love
tonight.

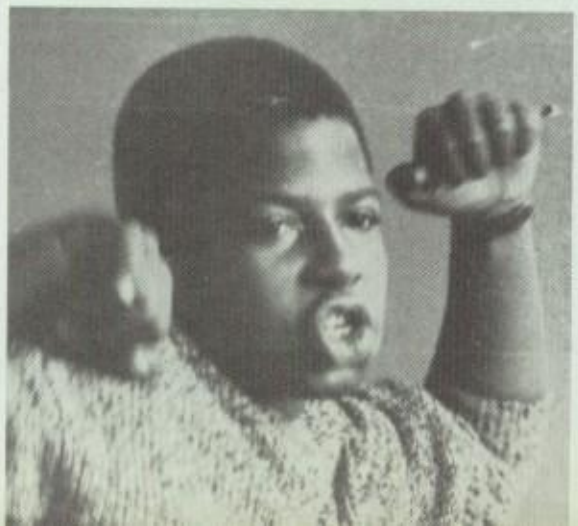
Austin Stout



I, willing
to sacrifice my soul
so that ours
can be as one,
to reach fulfilled
goals to express
unboundless emotions
for a lifetime
You, a part of me,
as I am part of myself.

Austin Stout.

JAY



AUSTIN STOUT

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore-
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over-
Like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
Like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

-LANGSTON HUGHES,
from his Selected Poems

LAURIE "SPEEDY" HARRISON

JANET PETERSON

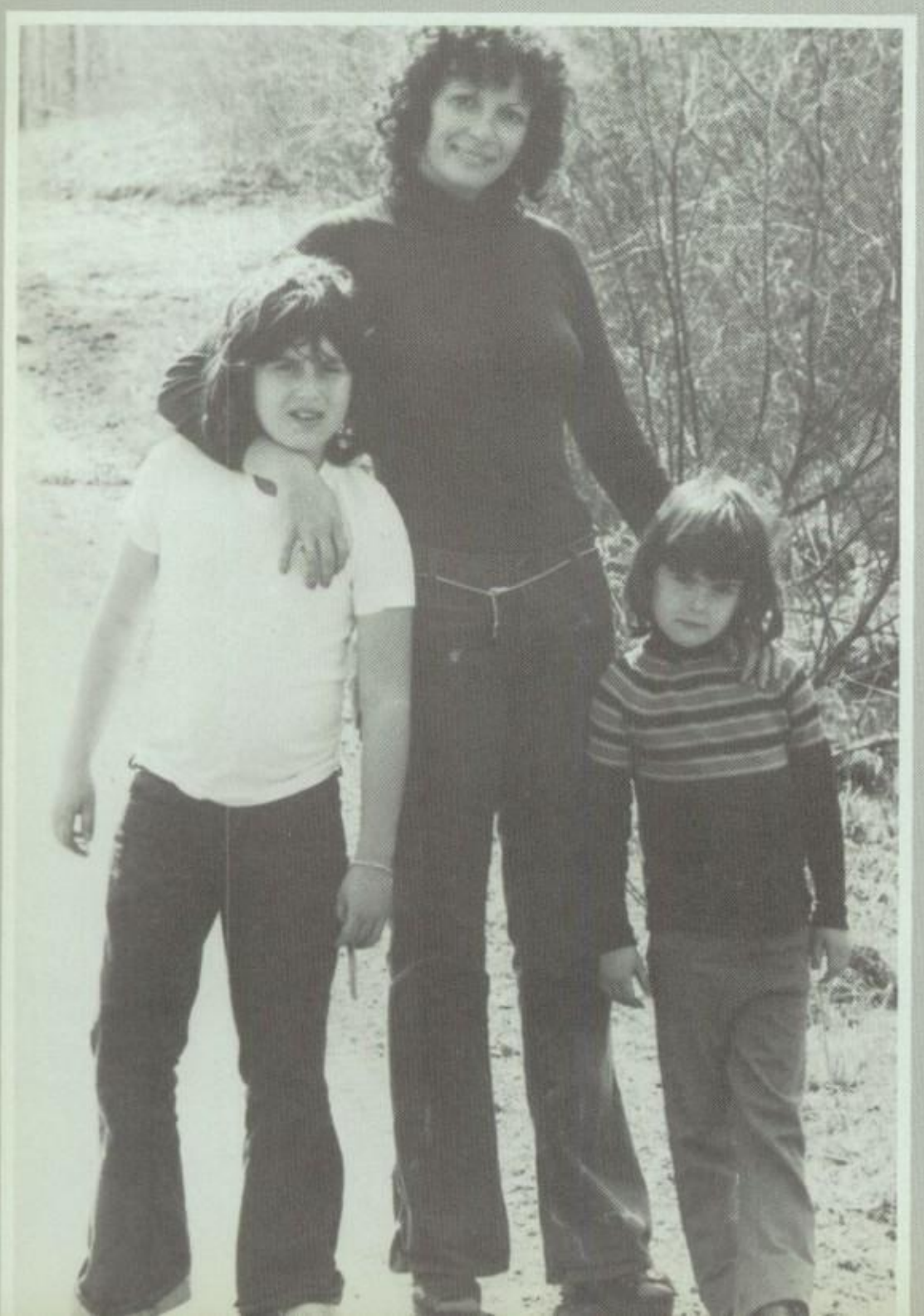
Baba (grandmother)

me

Baba's mother & brandmotha

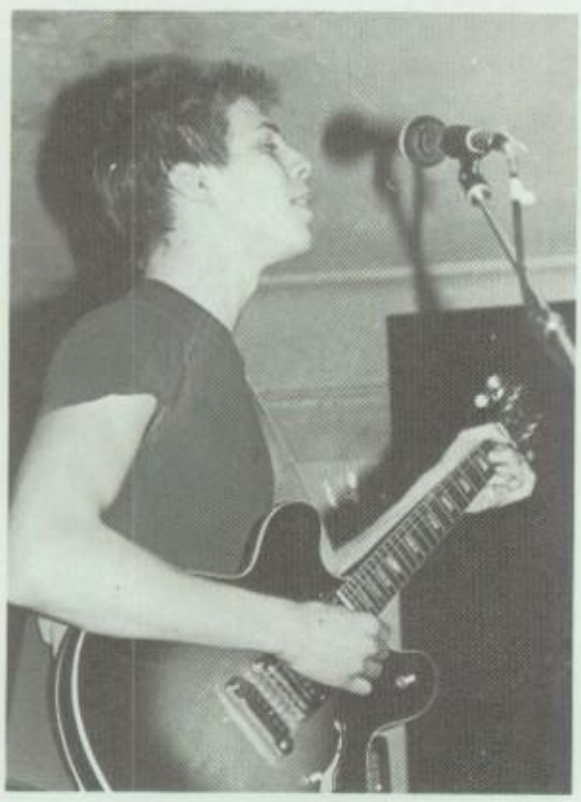
ERICA BARTH

SABRINA FIERMAN



The Nature of this
Flower is to
Bloom,
Rebellious. Living
Against the
Elemental
Crush.
A song of Color,
Blooming
For Deserving
eyes.
Blooming Gloriously
For its Self.
from:
REVOLUTIONARY PETUNIA
by Alice Walker

Michele Hartley

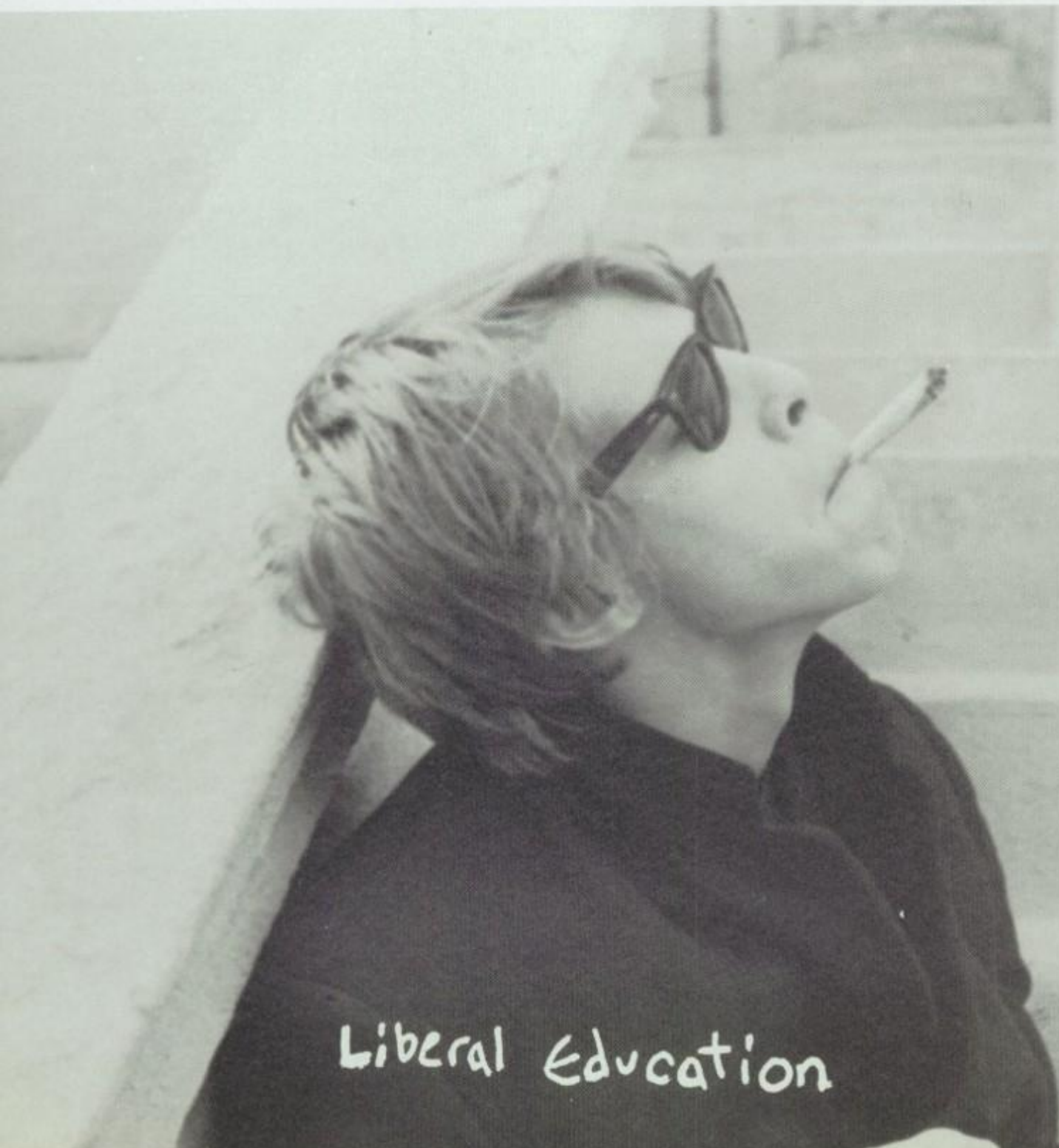


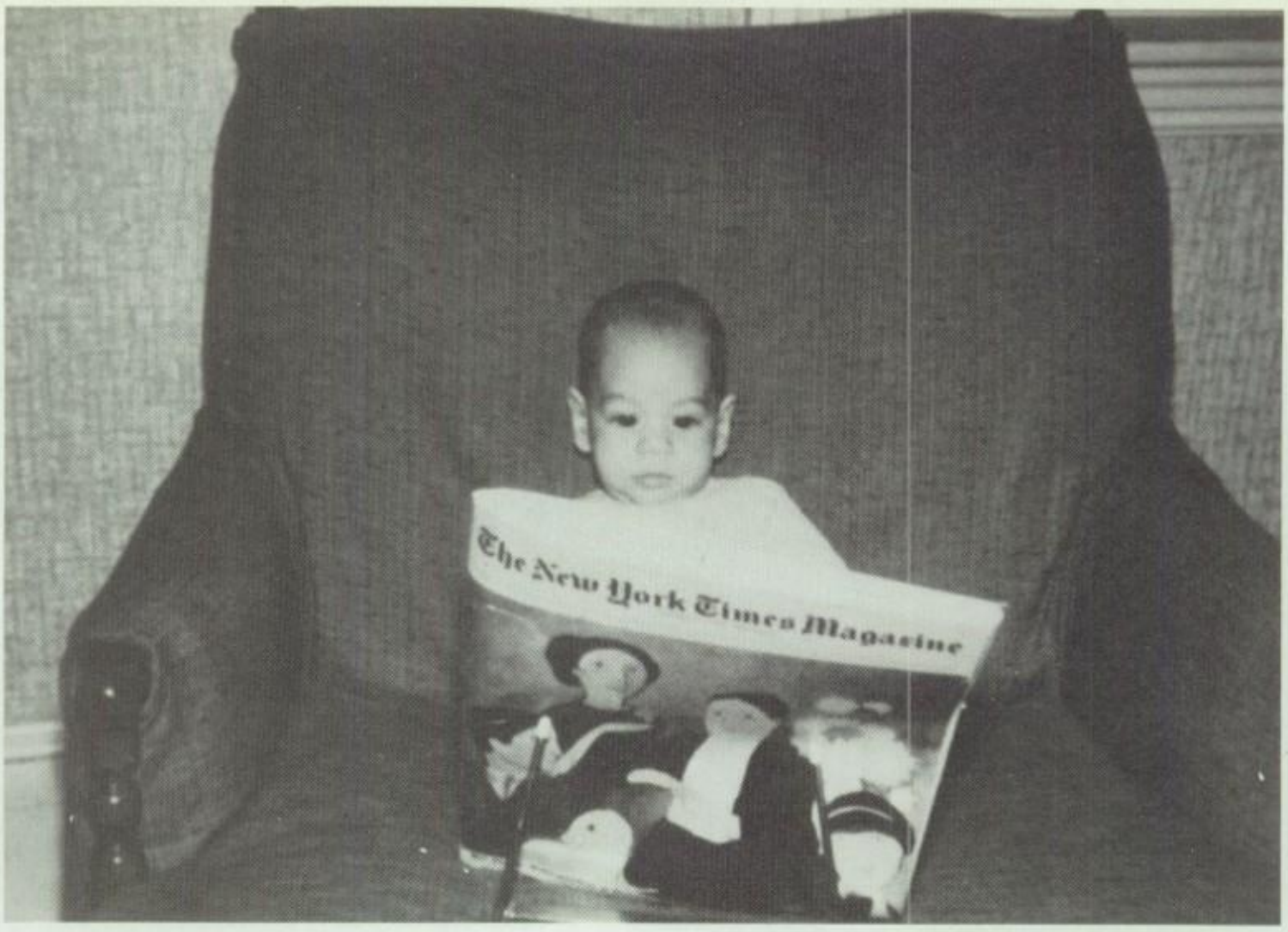
WELL I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON
IN THE WORLD TODAY
DON'T KNOW WHAT THERE IS TO SAY
ABOUT THE WAY THE PEOPLE ARE TREATING
EACH OTHER
NOT LIKE BROTHERS
LEADERS TAKE US FAR AWAY
FROM ECOLOGY
WITH MYTHOLOGY
AND ASTROLOGY HAS GOT SOME WORDS TO SAY
ABOUT THE WAY WE LIVE TODAY
WHY CAN'T WE LEARN TO LOVE EACH OTHER
IT'S TIME TO TURN A NEW FACE
TO THE WHOLE WORLD WIDE HUMAN RACE
STOP THE MONEY CHASE
LAY BACK
RELAX
GET BACK ON THE HUMAN TRACK
STOP RACING TOWARD OBLIVION
OH SUCH A SAD SAD STATE WE'RE IN
AND THAT'S A THING
DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE BELLS OF TRUTH
WHEN YOU HEAR THEM RING
WON'T YOU STOP AND LISTEN TO THE
CHILDREN SING

Stranger in a Strange Land
by Leon Russell, from
"Leon Russell and The Shelter People"

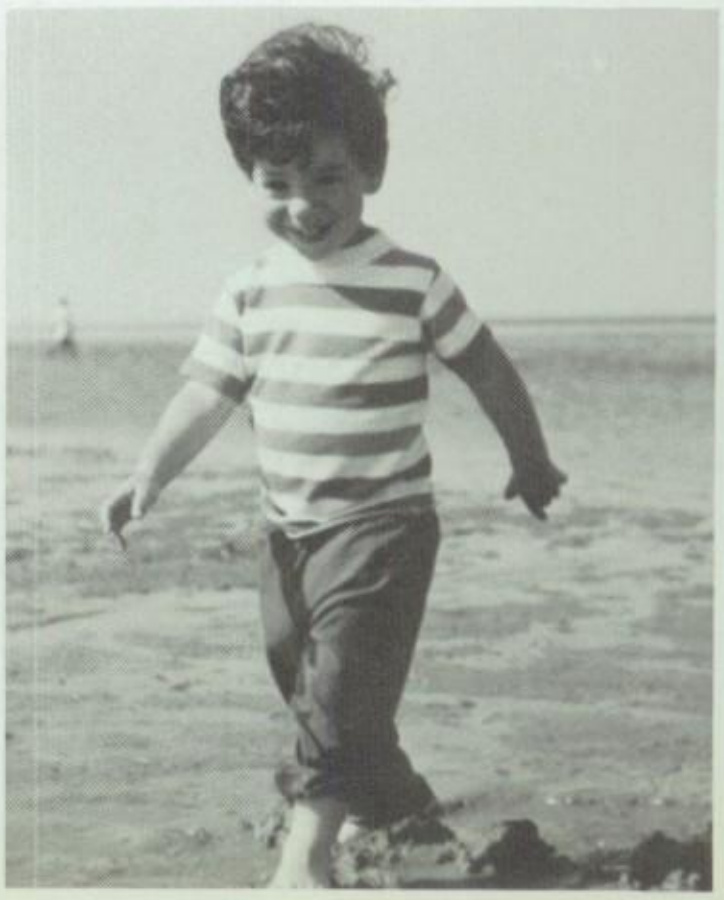
MATTHEW RICHARDS DREYER

Rockers Rise!





MATTHEW STEIGBIGEL



RIK ROBINSON

THE STORM IS BREAKING
OR SO IT SEEMS.
WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO REASON
TOO GROWN UP TO DREAM.

-BRYAN FERRY

I AM THE SMOKE KING
I AM BLACK.

-W.E.B. DU BOIS

forever

standing by

LEA CARNEVALI

the

cross roads

take a

side

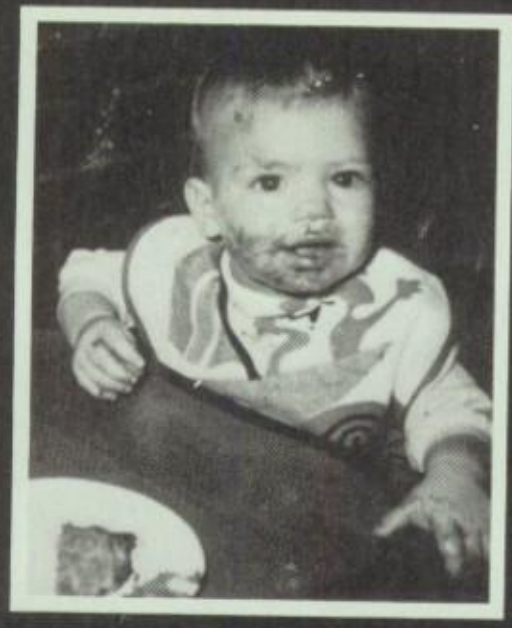
and step

along

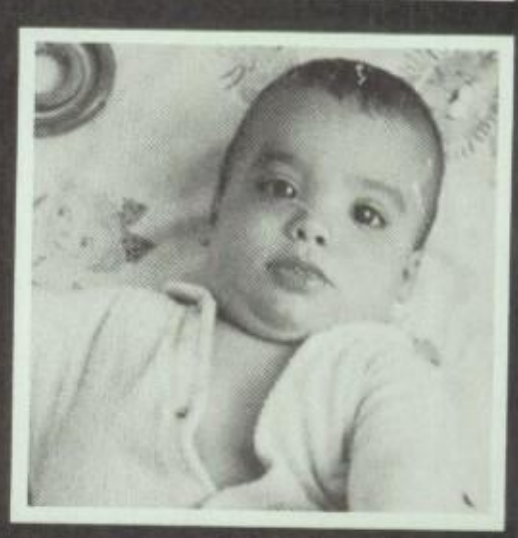
drawings by Ernest A. Shepard
from *WINNIE THE POOH,* by
A.A. Milne
© copyright, 1926, E.P. Dutton &
Co.

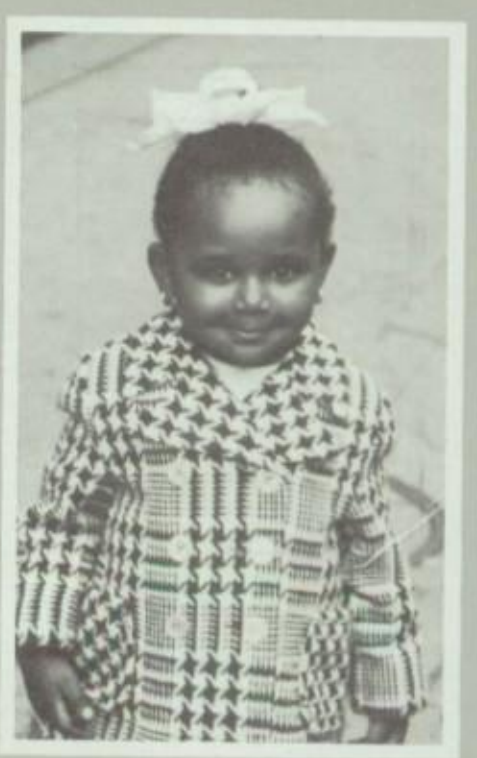
WALDEN★

★JUST CHILL



Pampers



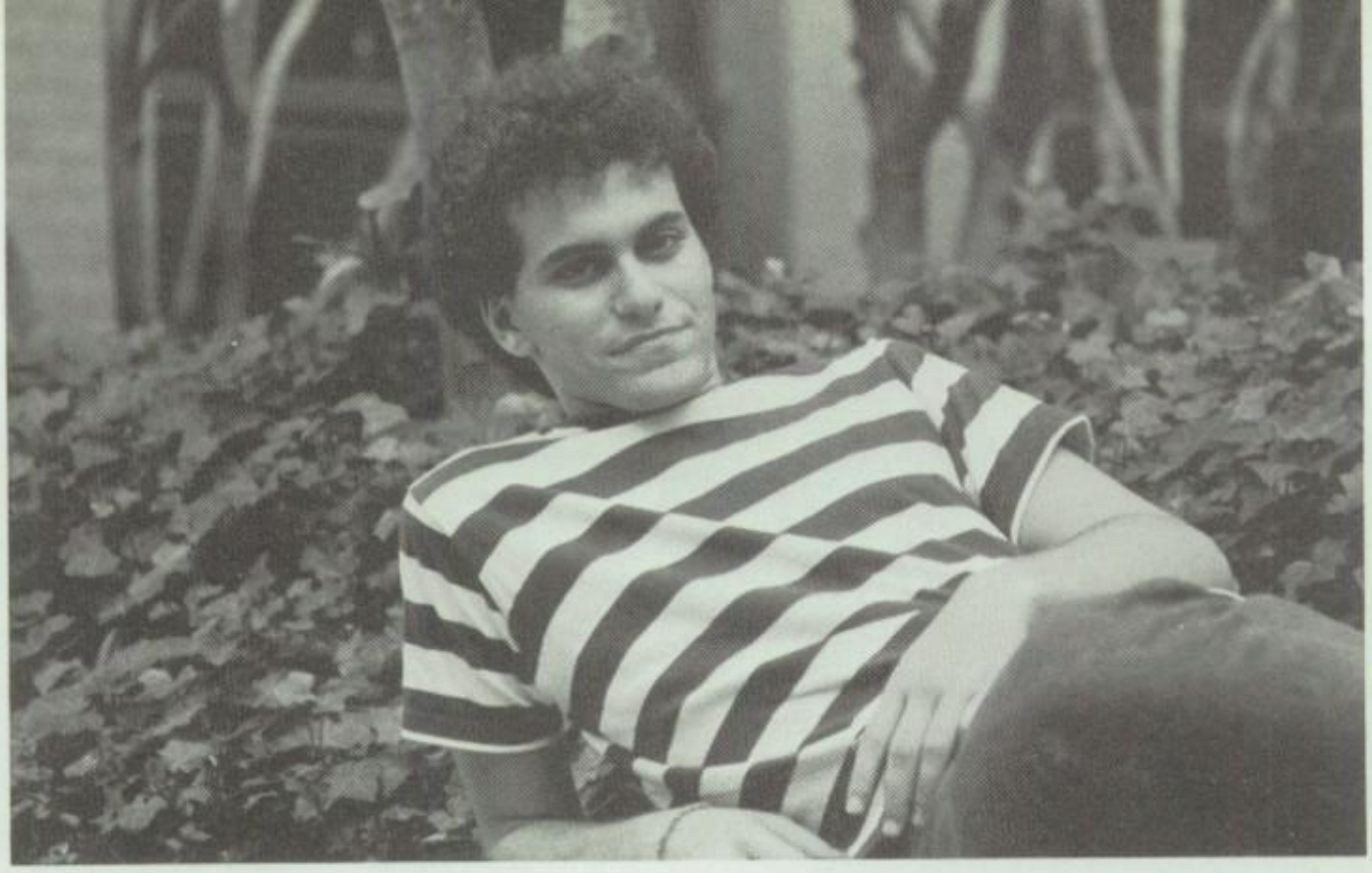


" . . . if we are to get on the right side of the world revolution we as a nation must undergo a radical revolution of values . . . if we do not act, we shall surely be dragged down the long, dark, and shameful corridors of time reserved for those who possess power without compassion, might without morality, and strength without sight.

Martin Luther King

(Speech over Canadian Broadcasting, 1967.)

ALISSA SMITH



ALAN LUTZKER

"Call the neighbors, wake the kids, we're having more fun than humans should be allowed to have."

-David Letterman

"Hip Dave!"
-Paul Shafer

"I'd rather laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints."
-Billy Joel

"Chazak Ve'matz"

"He's dead, Jim!" -Dr. McCoy

"I been hipmotized."
-David Letterman

"Let freedom reign!"
-Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

MALCOLM MEAD

"I have no comment at this time."

- Ronald Reagan

SHAWN MITCHELL

★★★ ADVERTISEMENT ★★★

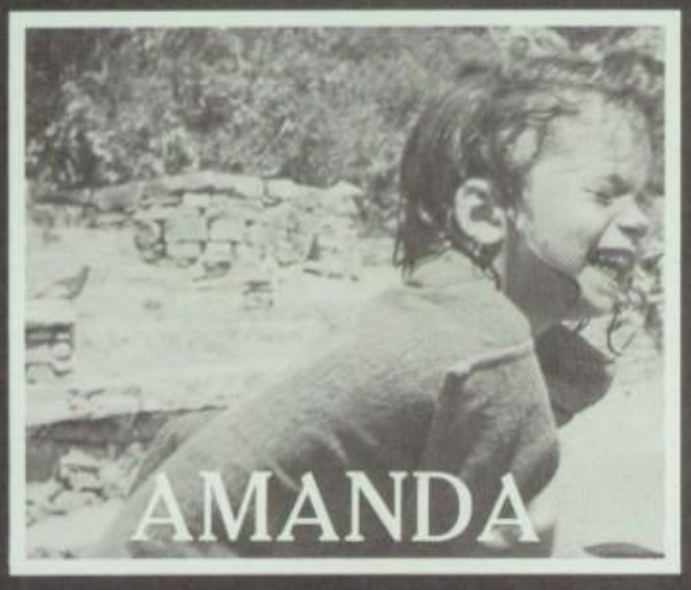
EUGENIA KLOPSIS

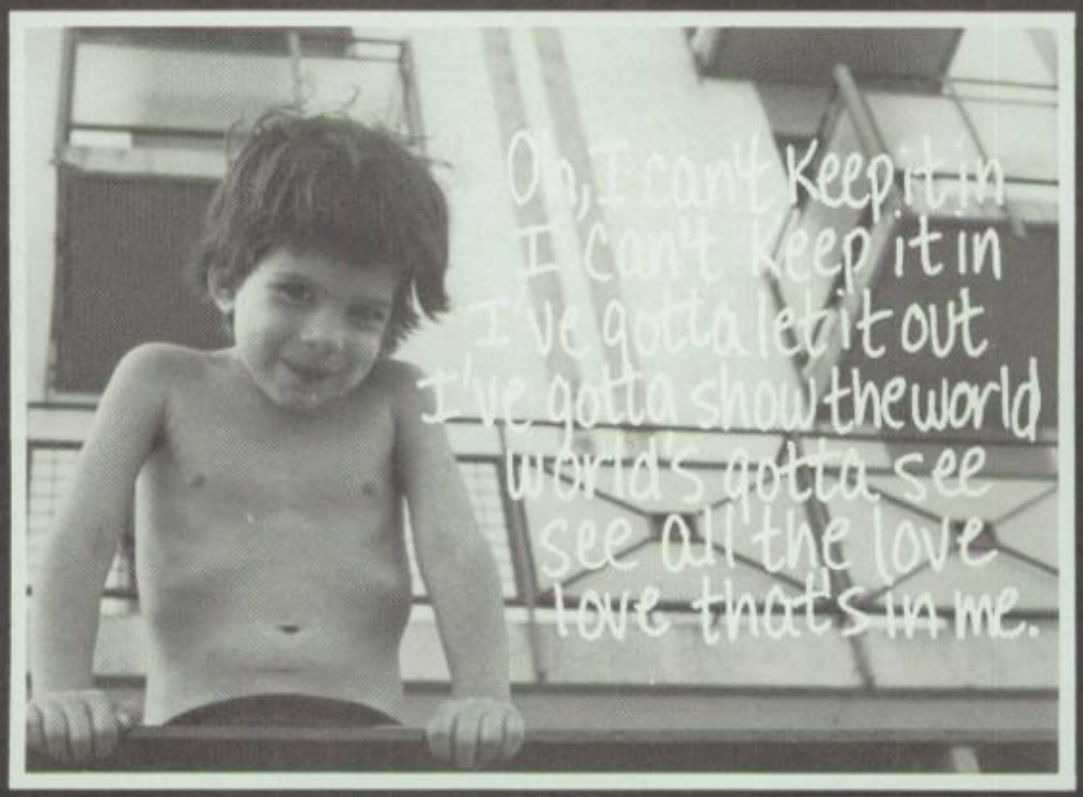
'79

GONE THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL

CITY'S SLICKER
SOME NIGHTS YOU CAN'T MISS
Sid TRUBOWITZ
—THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL ACE
SID ESTABLISHED A CITY COLLEGE RECORD WHEN HE SCORED 34 POINTS AGAINST BROWN UNIVERSITY
I'LL WORK IT UP CLOSE
HE'S A CAPABLE FLOORMAN and PLAY-MAKER

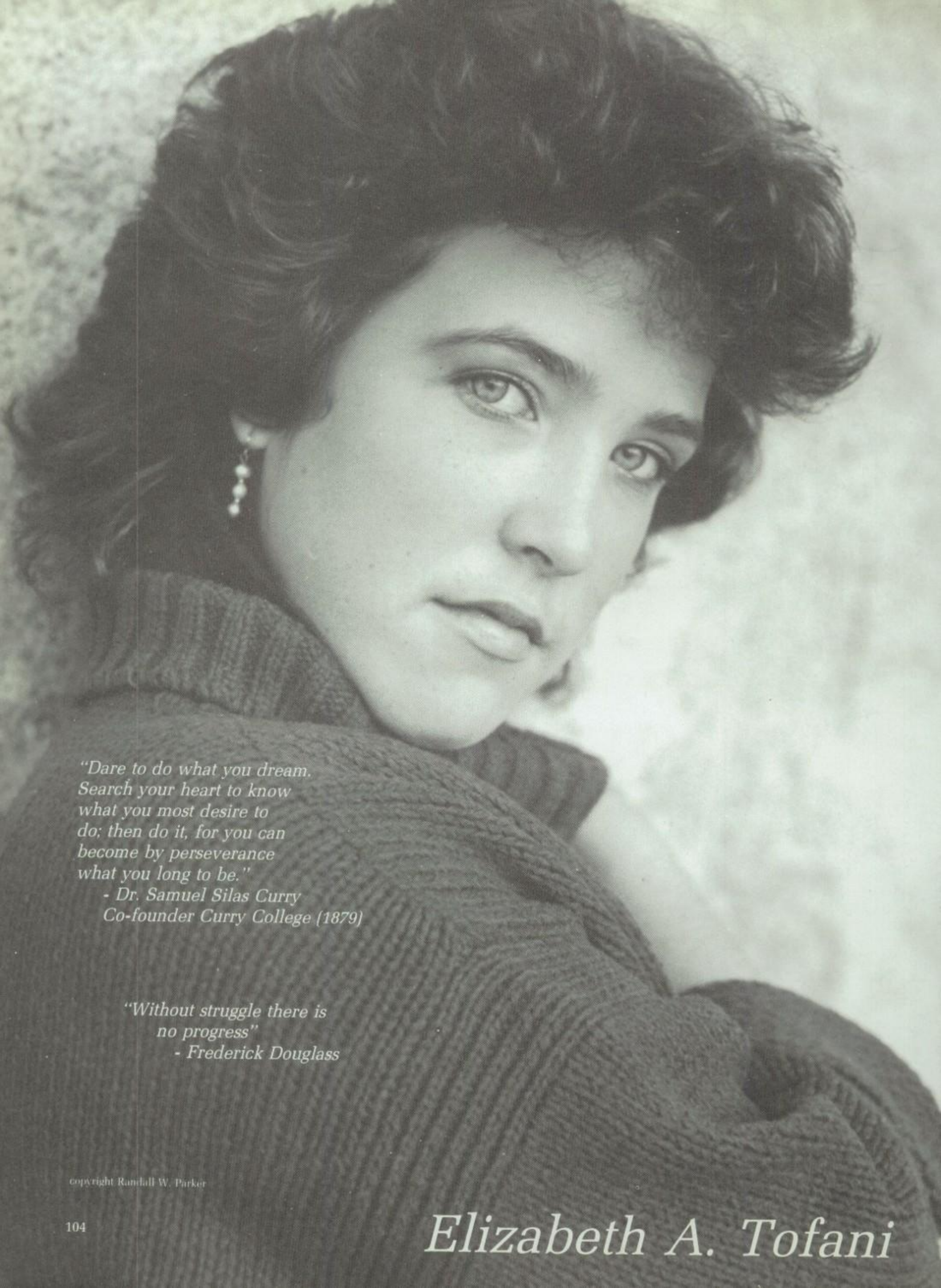
JASON TRUBOWITZ




Oh, I can't keep it in
I can't keep it in
I've gotta let it out
I've gotta show the world
world's gotta see
see all the love
love that's in me.

We mustn't waste our lives away we've got to live for today then let it go.

In an age eager to experience altered, nonordinary states of consciousness we tend to overlook the extent to which our ordinary state of mind is already a profoundly mystified consciousness!



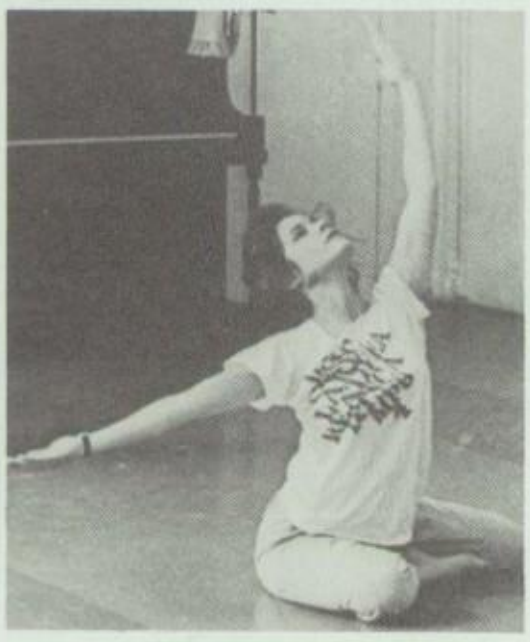
"Dare to do what you dream. Search your heart to know what you most desire to do; then do it, for you can become by perseverance what you long to be."
- Dr. Samuel Silas Curry
Co-founder Curry College (1879)

"Without struggle there is no progress"
- Frederick Douglass

copyright Randall W. Parker

Elizabeth A. Tofani

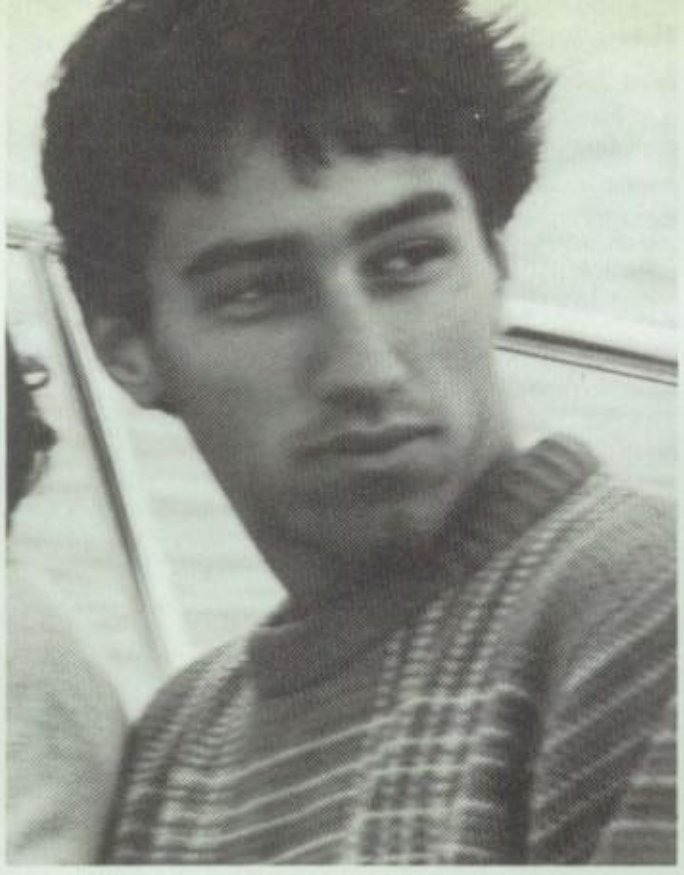
"Next to our fireplace there is a low, broad, snuggly brown velvet chair, with soft rounded lines, supple body-imprinting cushions - the furniture version of a teddy bear. Just as that chair is broad and welcoming, so my father was generous. He was, as they say in parts of Africa, "a man with an open hand."
- Joe Lurie



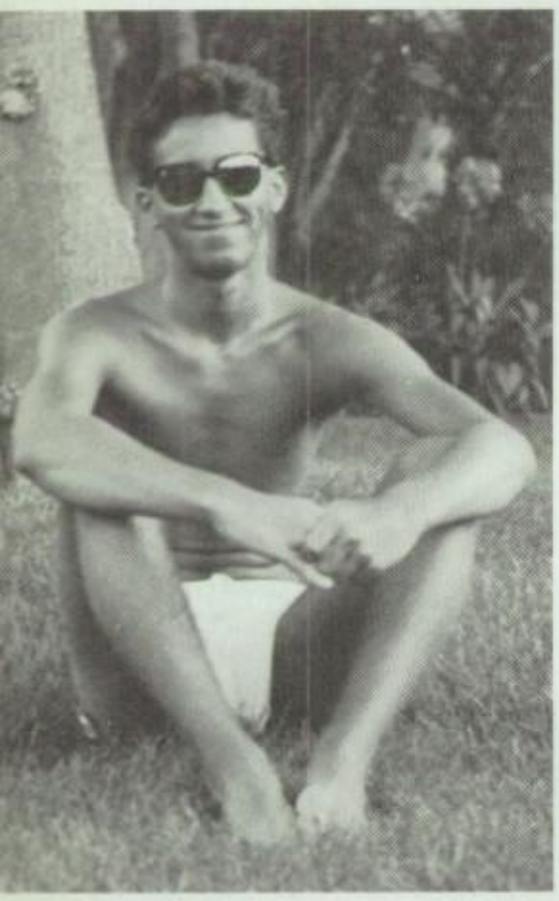
LIZ LURIE

Will you make us laugh,
Will you make us cry,
Will you tell us when to live,
Will you tell us when to die?
I know we've come a long way,
We're changing day to day.
But tell me, where
d' th' ch'ldr'n play?
-CAT STEVENS

DARREN MICHAEL PALMER



I decided long ago never to
walk in anyone's shadow.
If I fail, if I succeed, at least
I've lived as I believed.
GEORGE BENSON

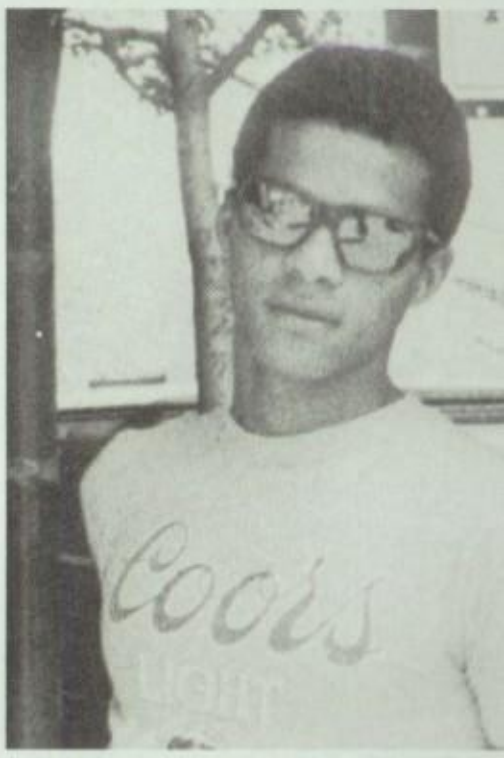


You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again.

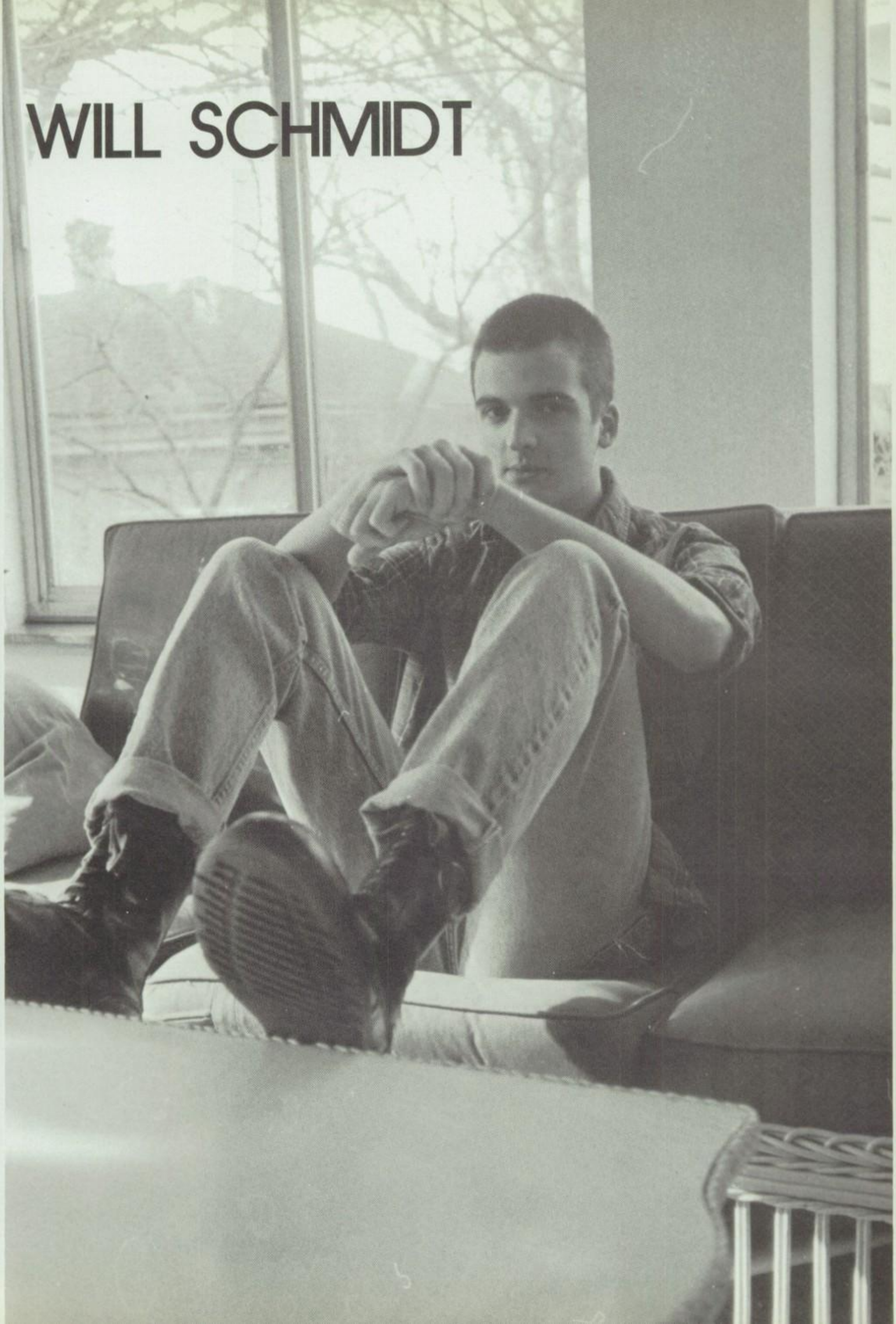
Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall
All you've got to do is call
And I'll be there, yes I will,
You've got a friend.
CAROLE KING

Live for yourself and you will live in vain
Live for others
You will live again.
ROBERT VESTA MARLEY

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting;
it is they who stay behind
that suffer.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



WILL SCHMIDT



PERSONALS

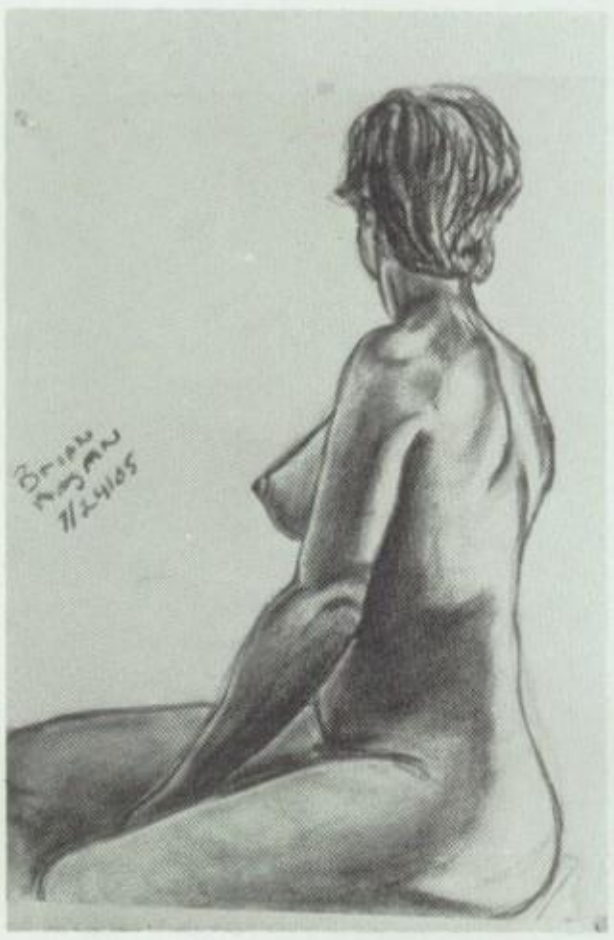
RIK-Your the best but you will still never beat me in the 100yd/MATT-G- FOR IT!! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN./JOHN-LOLITA! WHERE DID YOU SAY THE FISH WAS GOING!/LOU-COOK IE MONSTER! LOLITA! WHATS HAPPENING S HORT-STUFF/SUSIEL.-THANX FOR EVERY-THING LUV YA!/BILL-RISK MONOPOLY BREW HA!/TODD-KILLLENOX! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO/CALINE-HEY FRANCE I LUV YA/BOB ,MARTY,ERIC,CECILLE-THANX 4 EVERYTHI NG!/WALDEN-THANX 4 A GREAT 4 YEARS LUV YOU ALL! DAVID CHANGER

SUSAN-To many things to remember&tosay. Phone calls/beep-sorry!/oh just one more thing!/are you asleep?NO.-Shopping for clothes&a cheap sweet 16 present! Dieting; movies. You were always there for me, please lets keep it that way! I LOVE YOU-BETHUMS

AMANDA-Well-we have had our ups&downs, but we have always been to chat! Thanx for the ear. Lets meet in 10 years. Beth
MATT-How did you find out? Who is going to bother me next year? I had fun having you as a friend, I wish you luck&happiness. Somebody will be lucky! Love Beth
KIM-Well my classes will be boring next year-It was fun gossiping w/you. I miss ya-Beth.

JENNY-Remember not going home, pizza hands, parties, sleepovers, THE GUYS, trials, and tribulations, but also lots of crazy wild times. Youve been there through all my shit and I love you for that. You're absolutely zany and totally unique. Remember that I'll always be there. I think we've proven that this friendship can weather ANY STORM. Love ya lots- Vanessa.

ANNE-MARIE, The late night talks, movies, meeting boyfriends, Sting. I LOVE YOU, I'll miss you. BETH, You give Col. Broadway a new meaning. The fun that we had, I'm going to miss you. Lots of love - KALISTA, The talks you always understand, the subway rides with you always there the way you are. I'll miss you. All the friends I leave behind, or go their separate ways, TAKE CARE . . . LOVE SUSAN.

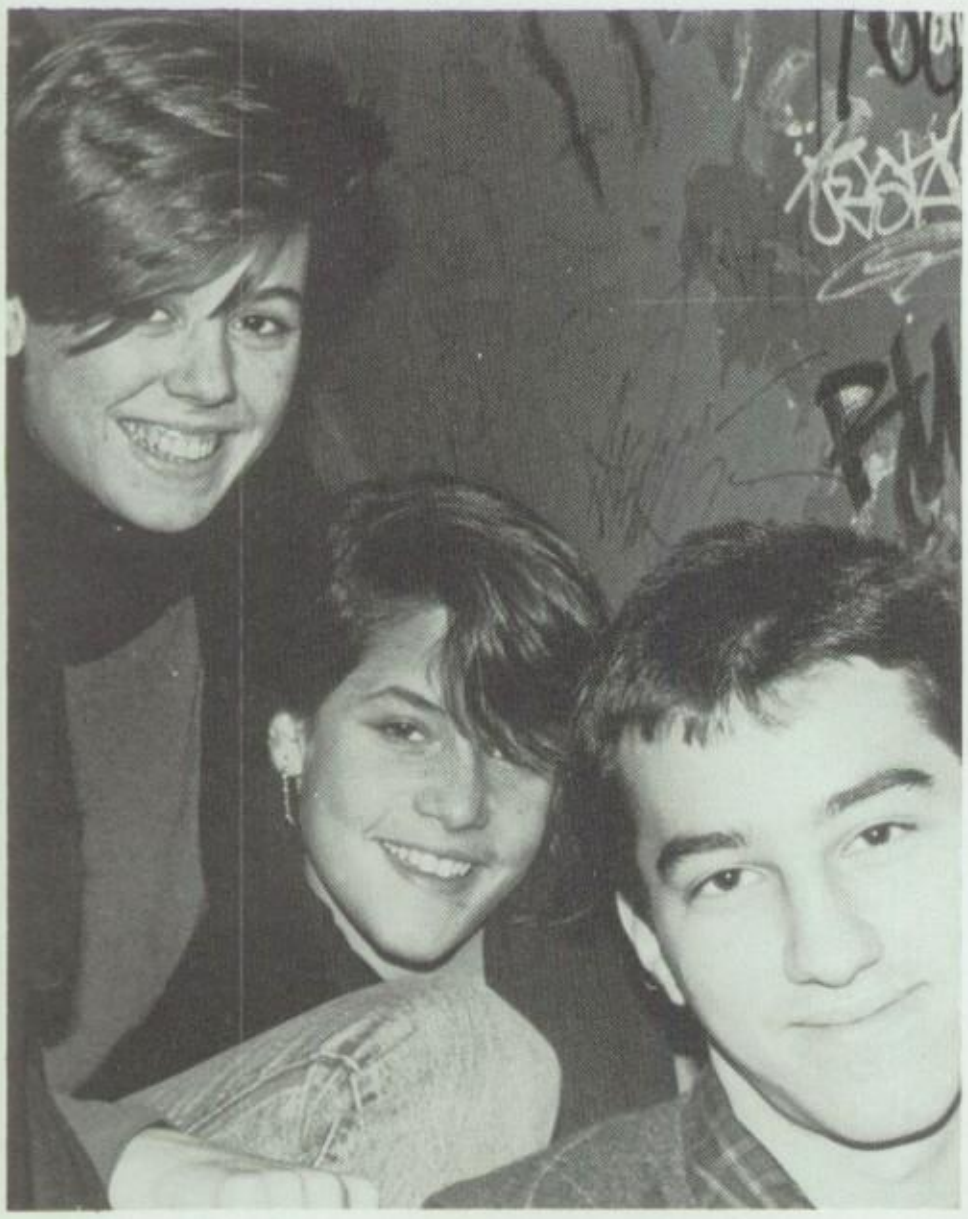


KALISTA - What can I say? Laughing, crying, & being mad. I'll be fine, 'cause you're a friend of mine. I LOVE YOU!/Weezie - Here I come 2 save the day! Thanx 4 being there as a friend & shrink. Sure, you're not a . . . oh dis!/Clam - no one is to blame?! What r we gonna do w/out u? You'll be missed! Luv SHELL/KIM - unga bunga! Sorry for being a pain, thanx for being there 2 set me straight. I LUV YOU!/ GOOD LUCK SENIORS 2 THE UP & COMING! Love Michelle

JEWELS:Thehappinessinyoucannotdiewhether w e separatewithallthetimeswemadecanbetakenaw aybecauseIsalwaysloveyouthatIhavetosaythankyo urforallthesmilesyoubroughtmeandletyourheartn everforgetmeIwillneverforget youIloveyou!!TRU EBLUE.TRACT

KAY;Howblindcanonebeandstillneverseehecare I wishtoshowbutyouwillneverknowonlythroughour eyescanwerelateandthenitmighthappenbutitsonly tolate.Sorry.N.R.D.

ERICA, WELL GOOD-BYE FOR NOW BUT CER-TAINLY HELLO AND MUCH MORE LATER ON. GOOD LUCK IN ALL YOUR ENDEAVORS AND RMEMBER I LOVE YOU! LOVE E.T. THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP! LIZ, THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND LOVE. I COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED WITHOUT IT. LOVE TO YOU AL-WAYS! OH AND AH WANT TO GO AH GET AH D---OR AH? E.T. GOODBYE FOR NOW AND REMEMBER LIFE BEGINS AT 40 SO DONT WORRY ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL WORK.
JENNY WEBB, I'LL BE SEEING YOU SO NO NEED FOR GOODBYE. OH, AND YOU GO TO TOO MANY CONCERTS.E.T.
DANIELLE, WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES. BUT WHAT HAPPENED? LOVE TO YOU! GOOD LUCK. E.T.



"Applaud friends, the comedy is over."
Beethoven on his death bed
XX Love L and L

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and good luck on the start of another
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TO
CHRIS and LIAM
and
all my
SENIOR
FRIENDS

CONGRATULATIONS
and
GOOD LUCK

DAVID
NETTO

The Skies the Limit

Congratulations
DARREN

WE LOVE YOU

The Grassoffs

Lynn and Layne
Mary Michael
Eric and Ann

Jennifer and Paul
Barbara, David
Linda and Nikita

WALDEN

EHinger '86

Congratulations to the Class of 1986
From José and Elisa and M.J. GOODIES

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

Thomas Henry Huxley
1825-1895
Technical Education (1877)

Best wishes to the class of 1986 from the Parents Association

AS YOU GLIDE IN YOUR STRIDE WITH THE WIND
AS YOU FLY AWAY
GIVE A SMILE FROM YOUR LIPS AND SAY
I AM FREE, YES I'M FREE
NOW, I'M ON MY WAY.

DARREN, THE BOY
WE LOVE YOU VERY MUCH
MOM, GRANDMA, GRANDPA, JIM & DAD

CONGRATULATIONS

and

BEST WISHES

to

Anne Marie

and

The Class of '86

The Dilling Family

YOUR DREAMS
YOUR PASSION
YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR
and
YOUR SMILE
MAKE THE WORLD
A BETTER PLACE.

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU MEG
and
WE LOVE YOU.
CONGRATULATIONS!
MOM, JASON, JOHN, ALI
and
THE "NO P'S"

BETH

MAY YOUR FUTURE HOLD...

TRUTH, KNOWLEDGE,
LOVE, JOY AND HUMOR

- and your soul the
courage to enjoy them
with love on your graduation - MOM

CONGRATULATIONS
to
VANESSA
and the class of '86

. . . and thank you Walden for four great years.
with love

BOB LOWENSTEIN

Seeing the world thru a happy smile
He reaches out to touch and feel.
And those of us who share his life
Never doubt the warmth is real -
Each tomorrow warmer still.

Our deepest love, Mom and Dad

Shane -

Do you have enough money?
Yeah.
You're sure?
Uh - huh.
Well, can I have some?

Tara

P.S. Did I mention that I love you madly? I did? Then get out of my room.

to

our loving, laughing

SUSAN

and to

her class of

1986

MAZEL TOV
CONGRATULATIONS
SUCCESS & JOY
to you all

from your proud family

Mommy, Daddy, and Michelle

"only the lesson which
is enjoyed,
can be learned well."

Talmud

"The world abides
only for the sake of
school children."

Judah Hahasi

CONGRATULATIONS

to

CHRISTOPHER WILFORD

and

his classmates of 1986

love

Dad and Sara

GO ON YOUR WAY SMILING

CLASS OF 1986

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To the Class of '86

Best Wishes for a Wonderful Future

Discovery Programs at the Walden School

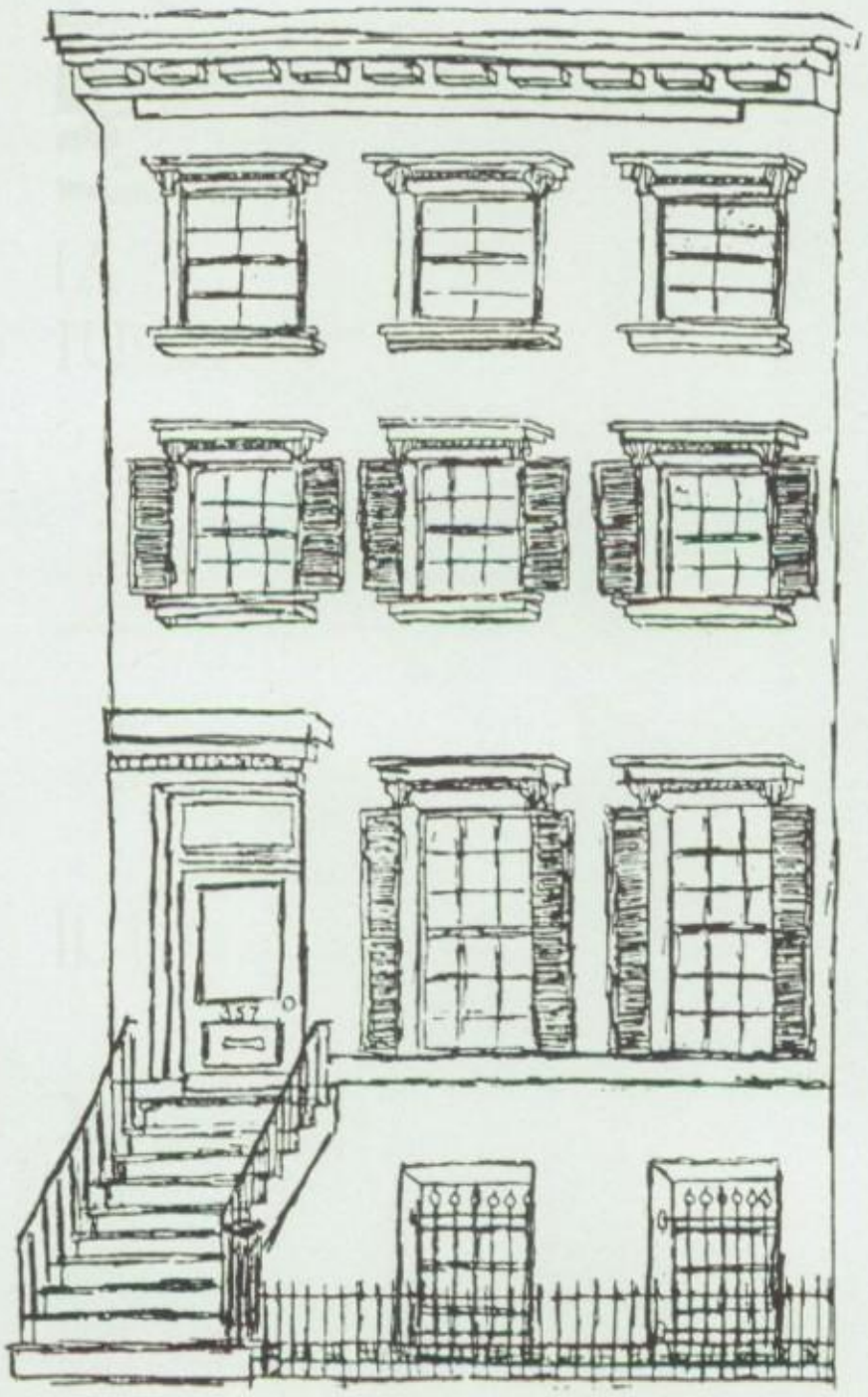
DAVID LINDER

CONGRATULATIONS

BRIAN

and the class of

1986



from

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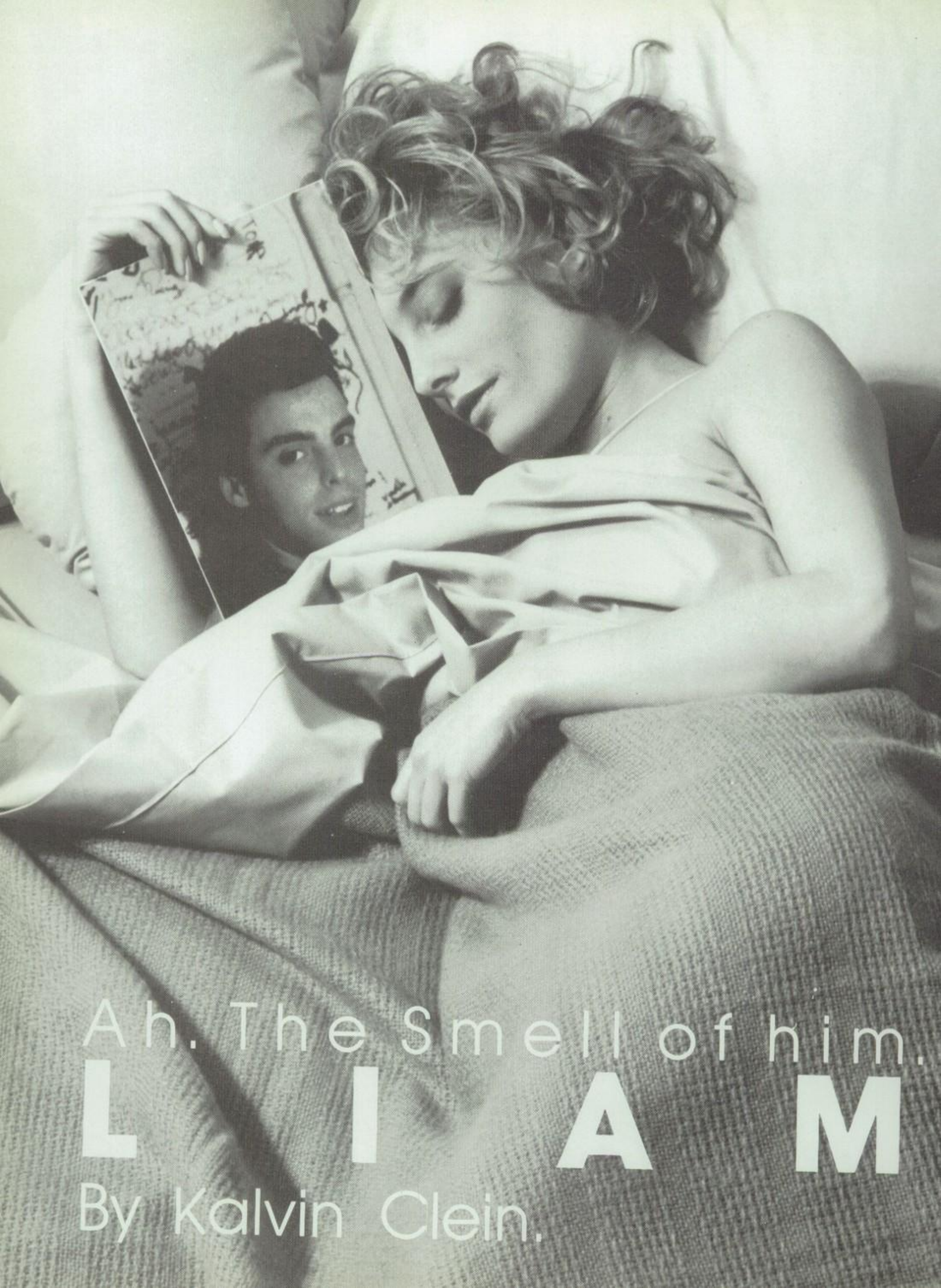

Ah. The Smell of him.
L I A M
By Kalvin Clein.

Liam:
All that stuff and more . . .

Amanda,
I want to thank you for sharing these past seven years with me. In one way or another. Your caring heart and deep mind have helped me through some of the toughest years of my life. I love you more than words can say. I really mean that.

Love,
John

Megan,

I've known you for seventeen years. As young children, we fought almost as much as we played. And some things never change. We've gone to school together since we were three and four. We even went to the same camp when we got older. In our life we spent a lot of time together. It's been hard at times, but that's what made the good times great.
I'm so proud of you Begzy.
I love you very much,

John

Darren,
I know it's been a tough year for you, but its's finally over and you've made it. I hope you achieve **all** your hopes and dreams in California next year.

Love always,
John

Liz,

Your ability to care and give to others is a gift few have. You are indeed a true human being. Congratulations and Good Luck next year. I love you,

John

Laurie,

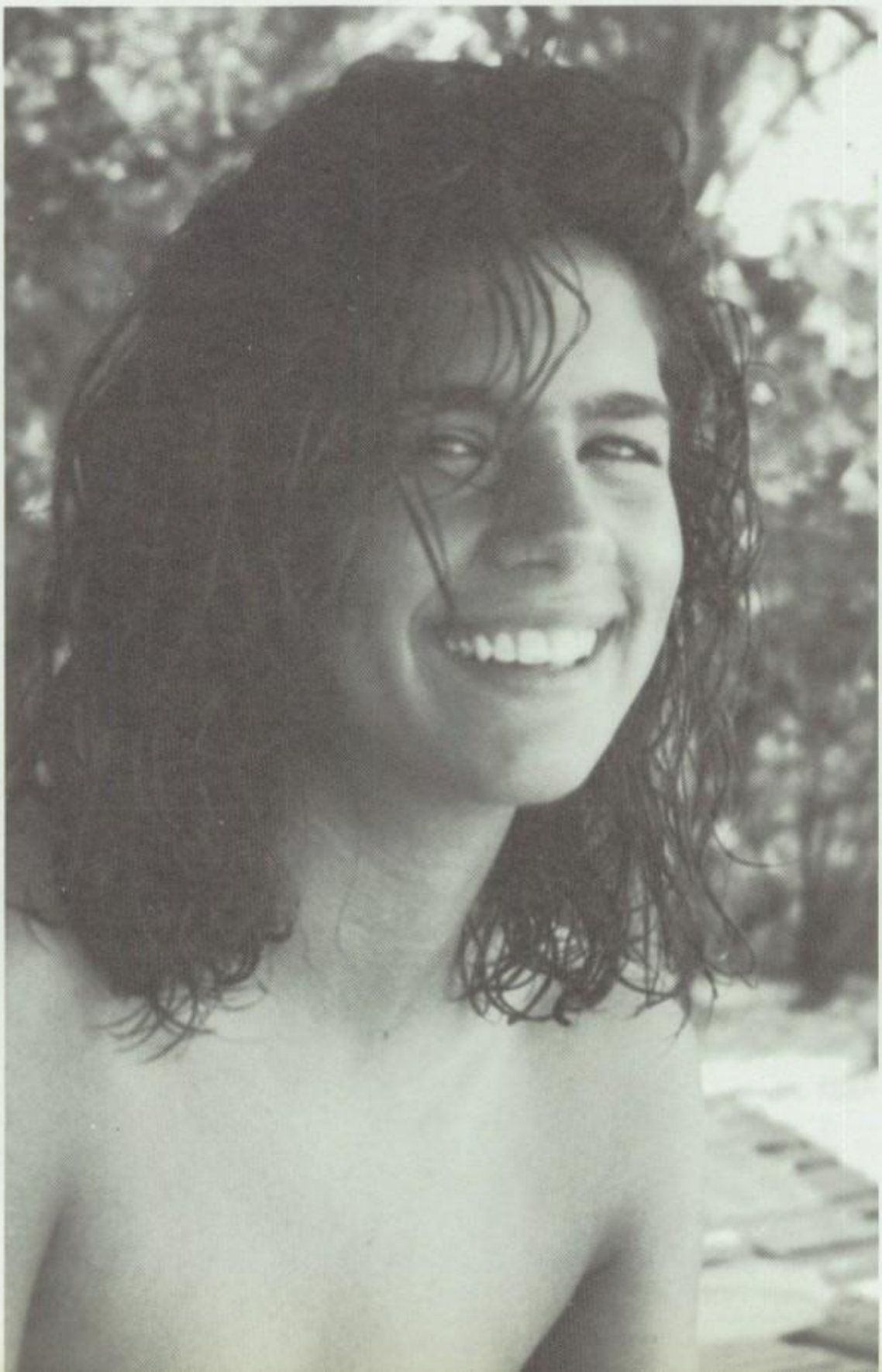
May your big heart and strong desire carry you far in life. You are one in a billion.
Congratultions B.

Love,
John

To the Class of '86
"Just Chill"
J.D.

Surely a star
danced in heaven
the day you were
born.

You are a great source of pride for all of us. Good luck and lots of love in all that you pursue. We love you,
Dad, Mom, Greg, Tyrone, Italiano, Cleo, Nana, Giagia & Papou.



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(And breakfast and lunch every day.)

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CONGRATULATIONS
JASON

WE ARE VERY PROUD OF YOU
ALL OUR BEST TO THE CLASS OF '86
WITH MUCH LOVE
MOM, DAD, LARA, GRANDMA and GRANDPA

Dearest Michele,

At times, you have been like a storm at sea, intense like a hot summer night, but we knew if we were patient, the calm would come and a cool breeze would eventually fill the air.

You are truly a unique, beautiful human being and, our life has been fuller, (trying at times) because of you and we really would not have had it any other way. Yes, Michele, we have learned a lot from you and Kris, and we thank you. We look forward to your future growth and flourishing and hopefully we will all learn from each other.

With great devotion and love,

Mom and Dad

When you part from your friend, you grieve not; for that which you love most in her may be clearer in her absence, as the mountain to climber is clearer from the plain. Kahlil Gibran

from your sister to you
with great admiration

Tumbling down stairs
Knocking teeth loose
Stepping on pins
Running away.
Who would have thought
you could ever grow up
So beautiful
So fine.

CONGRATULATIONS to
THE CLASS OF '86
from
the
GROSSMAN FAMILY

BEST WISHES AND PROFOUND CONGRATULATIONS

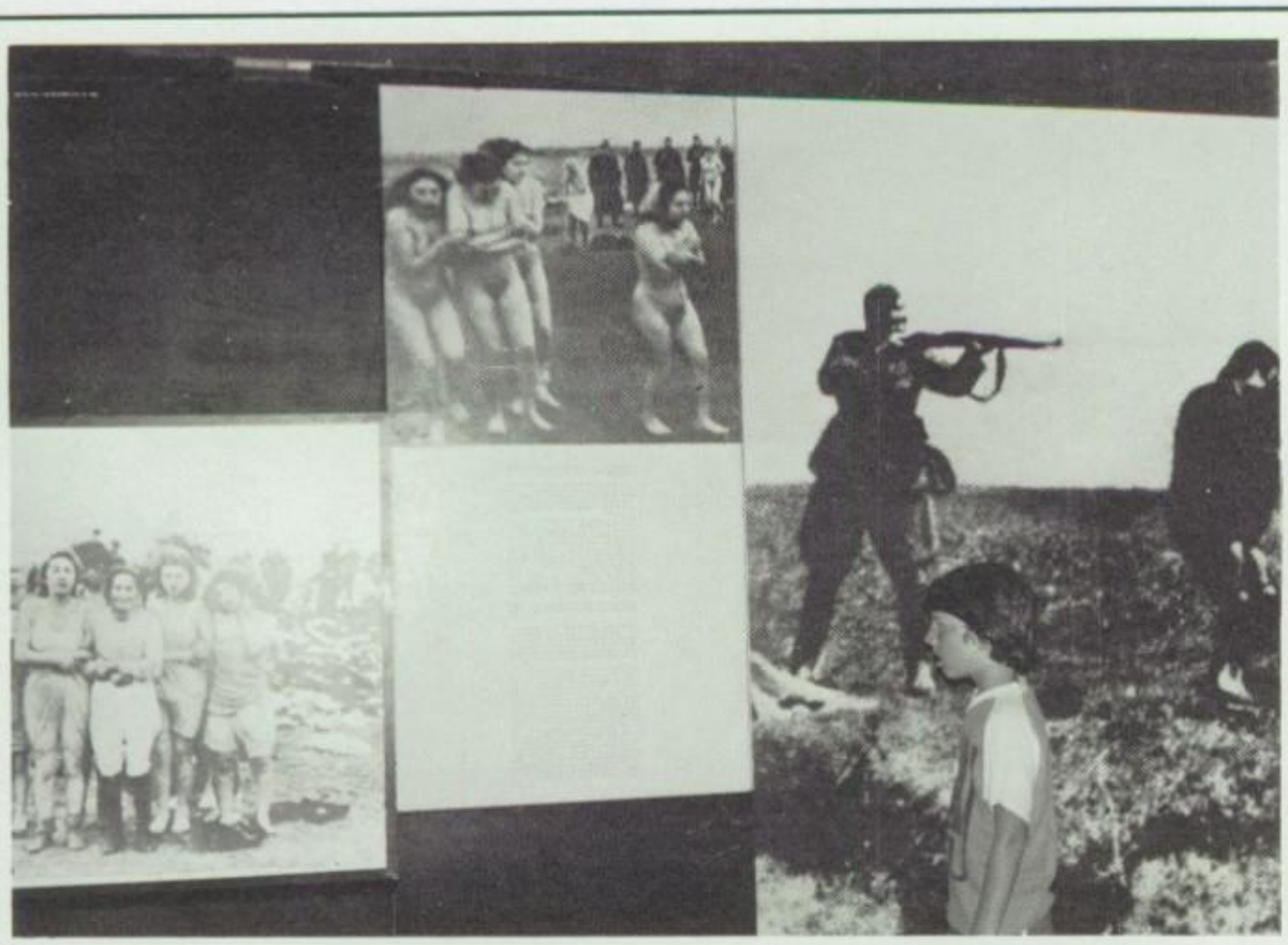
to

dear niece SUSAN HOROWITZ upon her graduation.

MAY YOU ALWAYS BE A SOURCE OF "NACHAS,"
PRIDE AND INSPIRATION TO YOUR PARENTS AND
TO YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY.

"MAZEL TOV"

LIBBY & IZZY HOROWITZ & FAMILY



Dear David,

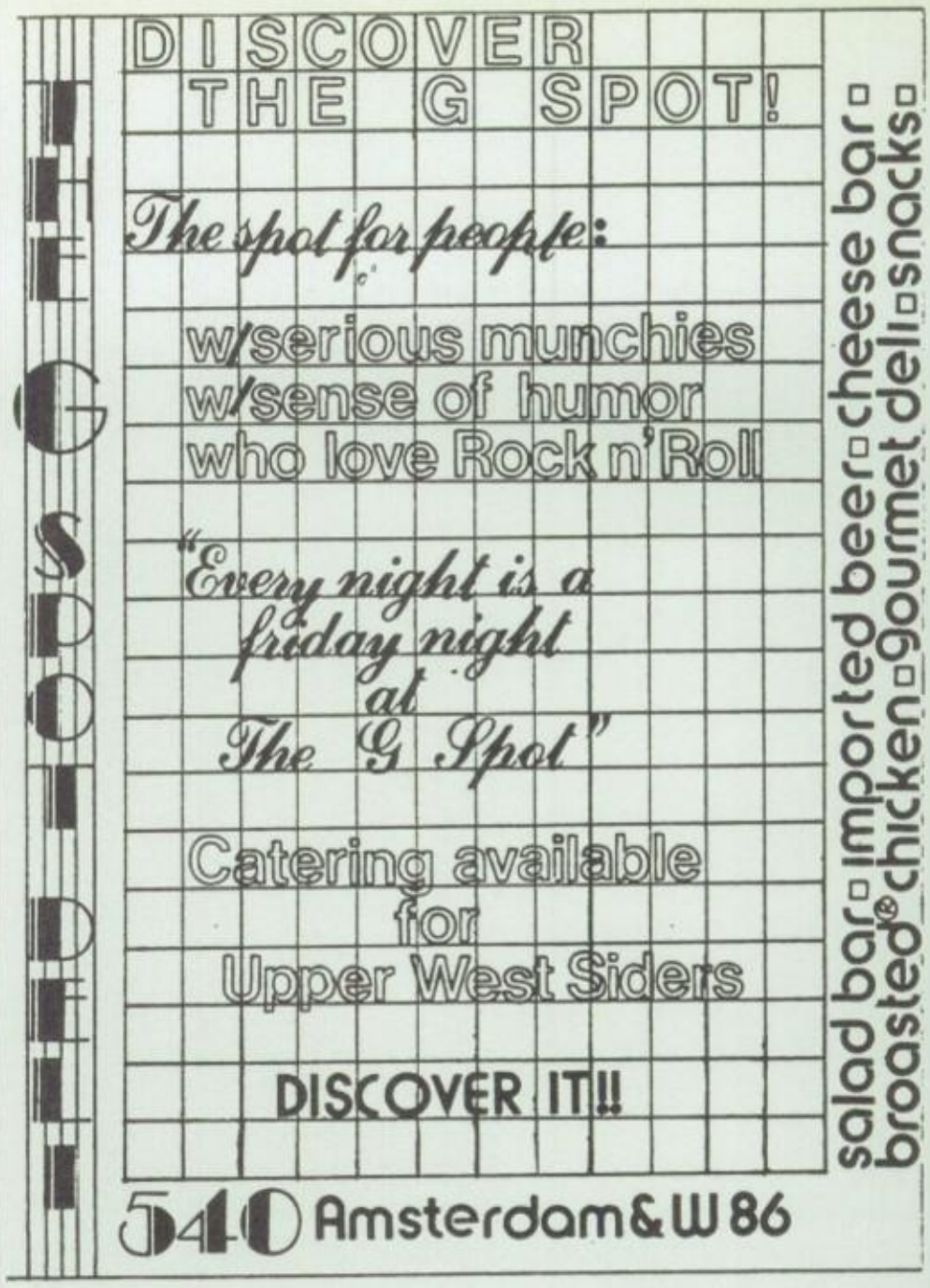
Thank you for you courage, you kindness, and for showing us a better way.
We are very proud of you.
Love and Peace to you, and your classmates.

Mom, Dad, and Melorra

We are all in the same boat
in a stormy sea, and we owe
each other a terrible loyalty.
-G.K. Chesterton

CONGRATULATIONS
ANDY
IAN
BRIAN

and the graduating
class of 1986
with love
THE KINES
FAMILY



Only once in a lifetime
a son like you comes along
we lucked out . . .
CONGRATULATIONS
DAVID
LOVE, THE CHANGARS

BETH DEAR
I WISH YOU LOVE

GRANDMA

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

TO MATTHEW AND THE GRADUATING

CLASS OF 1986

Ellen, Neil, Amy, and T.

LUISA

"TO TELL THE

TRUTH . . ."

We love you
very much,

Mamma e
Papà

DEAR BETH

I AM VERY PROUD OF YOU

AND

LOVE YOU VERY MUCH

DAD

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Hey Dee - Gonza - Danielle here is to 7th-10th with salad in the hall, little poofy puffs, 36DD, Darren W., summers and how many talks? Here's to getting freedom and bsing, maybe someday I'll learn how to cook. Trying everything, wierd letters, lizzy Lilly, gifts, blackbirds, poems remember this? One plus one makes 2, but 2 together make one,I can't write everything down, but you can remember. Here is to next year and starting new, here is to your future, I missed you.
LIZZY

SHANE,

To my best looking

cousin

from

SWEET-SARAH

Congratulations, Eric!

We're very proud
of you . . . but now
we have to share
you with the world . . .
Mom & Dad
Squeaky & Zippo

Shane,
You're a special guy to us eating at Lindy's, on the dance floor at B.V., fishing in the pond, and wearing bowling shirts and overcoats. B.D. wills you his tennis shones. Joy and success in the future.

Love,
Zaza and Big Daddy

from a pleased parent
T L

Dear Shane,

Congratulations

"Cookies for

life!"

love,

Mom-ma

CONGRATULATIONS ERICA AND THE CLASS OF 1986. & KAREN KERMATH

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Mimi Sheraton, NY Times
May 13, 1977

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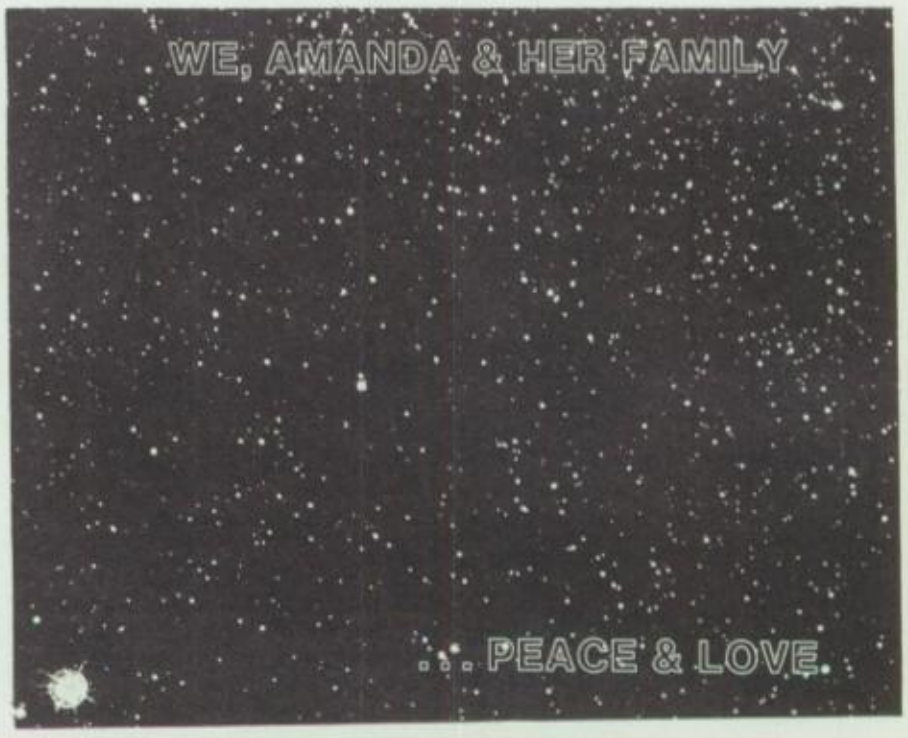
WCBS Radio

★ ★ ★ ★
Excellent food with reasonable prices . . .
Joan Hamburg
WOR Radio

TO THE
GRADUATING CLASS OF 1986
IF THERE'S A BRIDGE
CROSS IT
IF THERE'S A MOUNTAIN
CLIMB IT
IF THERE'S AN ADVENTURE
LIVE IT
AND YOU'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN



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Congratulations
And love Erica

Steve and David
Barth

The Yearbook editor and production designer regret omissions due to accidents beyond our control. Photos of Craig Dreyer's directed, "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail," the Home Port evening meeting, of the reading specialists, of many students and teachers were lost or poorly developed. To all, our proffered apologies.

AMANDA GELLER
Chief Editor
and

STEPHEN ETTINGER
Design/Production Advisor

put this yearbook together assisted buy the following (in alphabetical order): Jennifer Firestone (advertising), Susan Horowitz, Brian Kingman (arts), Julie Kofman, Susan Levin, Vanessa Lowenstein, Liz Lurie (editorial writer/literary editor), Luisa Rivosecchi (layout), and Jason Trubowitz (sports).

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Darren Palmer Rik Robinson

Pam Benning (P.A. President), Megan Dee, Amanda Geller, Cynthia Jones, William Keh, Brian Kingman, Julian Lockhart, David Netto, Fitzjohn O'Neal, Luisa Rivosecchi, and Matthew Steigbigel.

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Beth Applebaum Liam Seide Laurie Harrison

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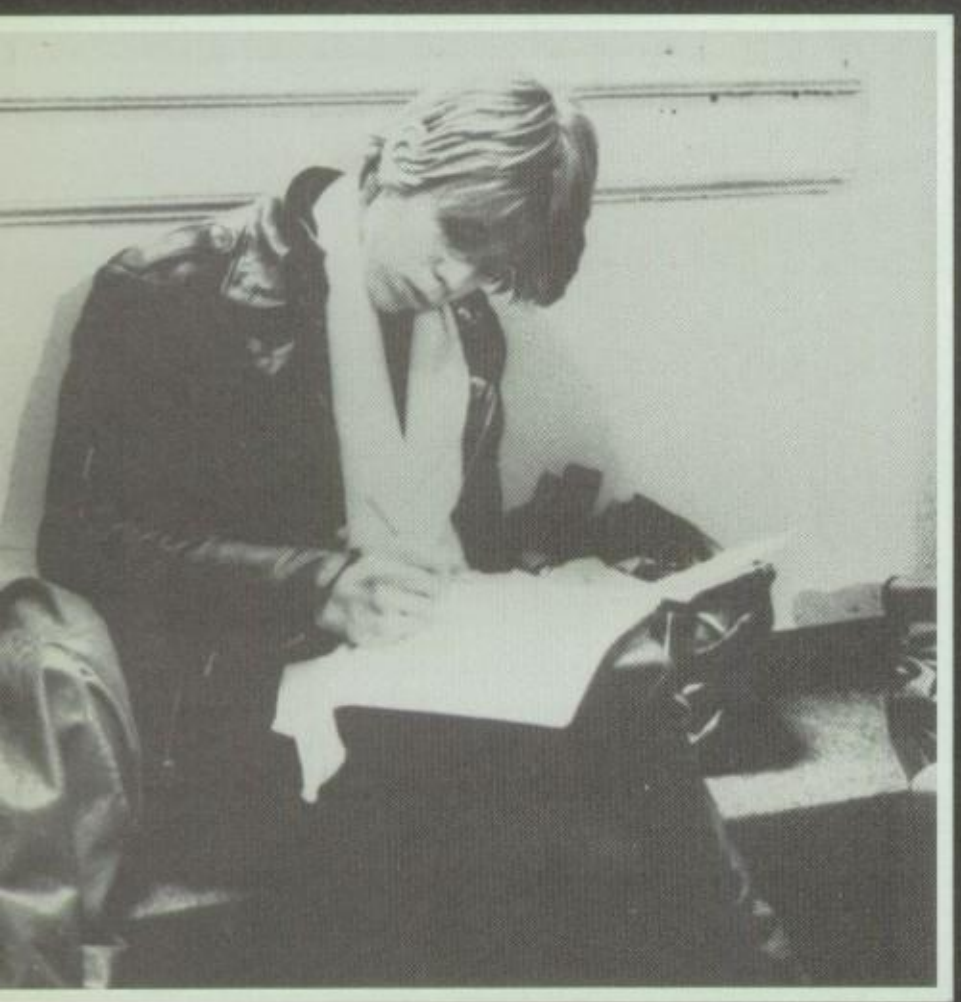
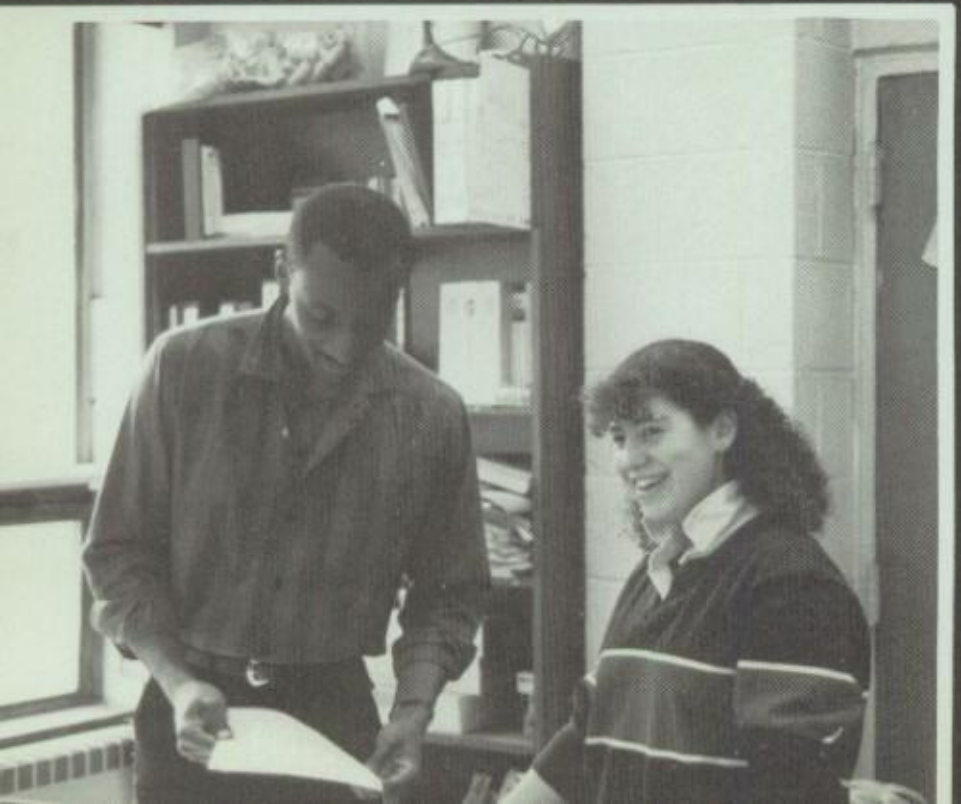
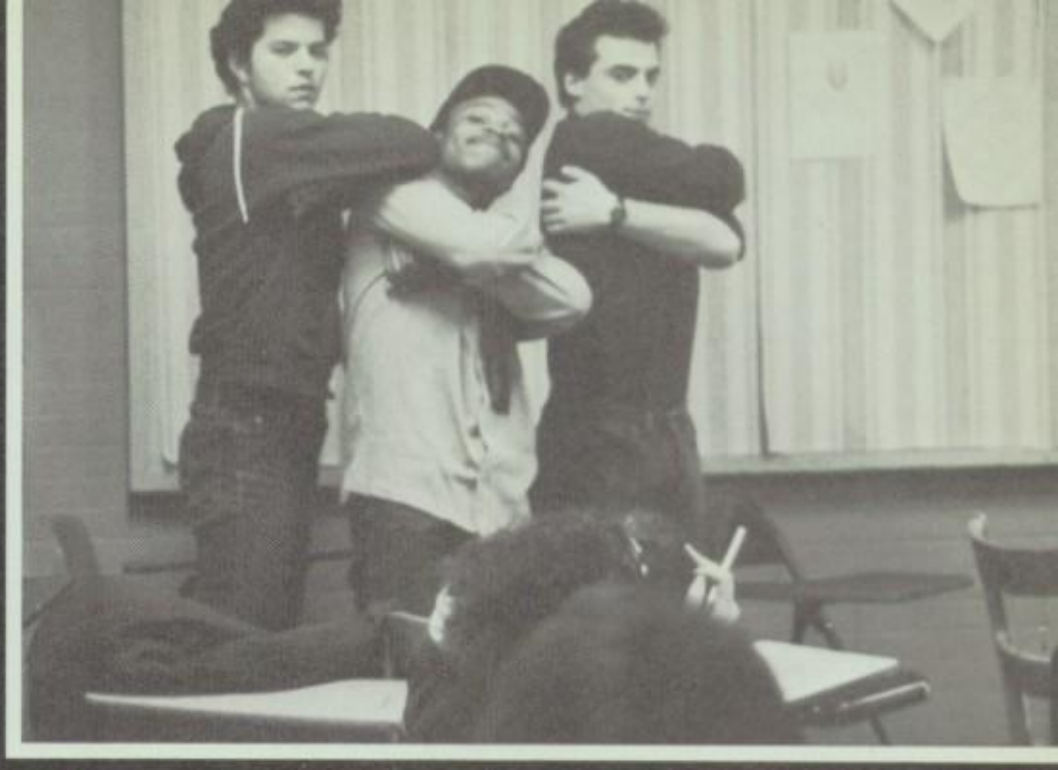
We wish to thank David Netto for his generosity of person and purse. And to Phillip Blocklyn, the Walsworth Publishing Company's representative, for the many acts of kindness in working with us long after the school day was over, many many thanks.

Tm Yb
Md



GOOD LUCK CLASS OF '87





WITH LOVE CLASS of '86

When the time comes that we have to say good bye
we will think back on the days that we have spent
here.
All of our goals that we have accomplished were
once mere dreams in our minds.
Together, throughout our years here we have
grown, but
now the time has come when we must move on.
We have laughed, cried, loved, and hated, but the
memories we share won't change.
For we made our days last, and our courage held
fast
to the desires we shared, we've showed each other
ways
to strengthen ourselves.
As we move along our separate roads, we must turn
away
from what we've had here, but it is the memories of
our time together that gives us the foundation
to move on . . .

. . . and from time to time,
let's open the cover and remember.

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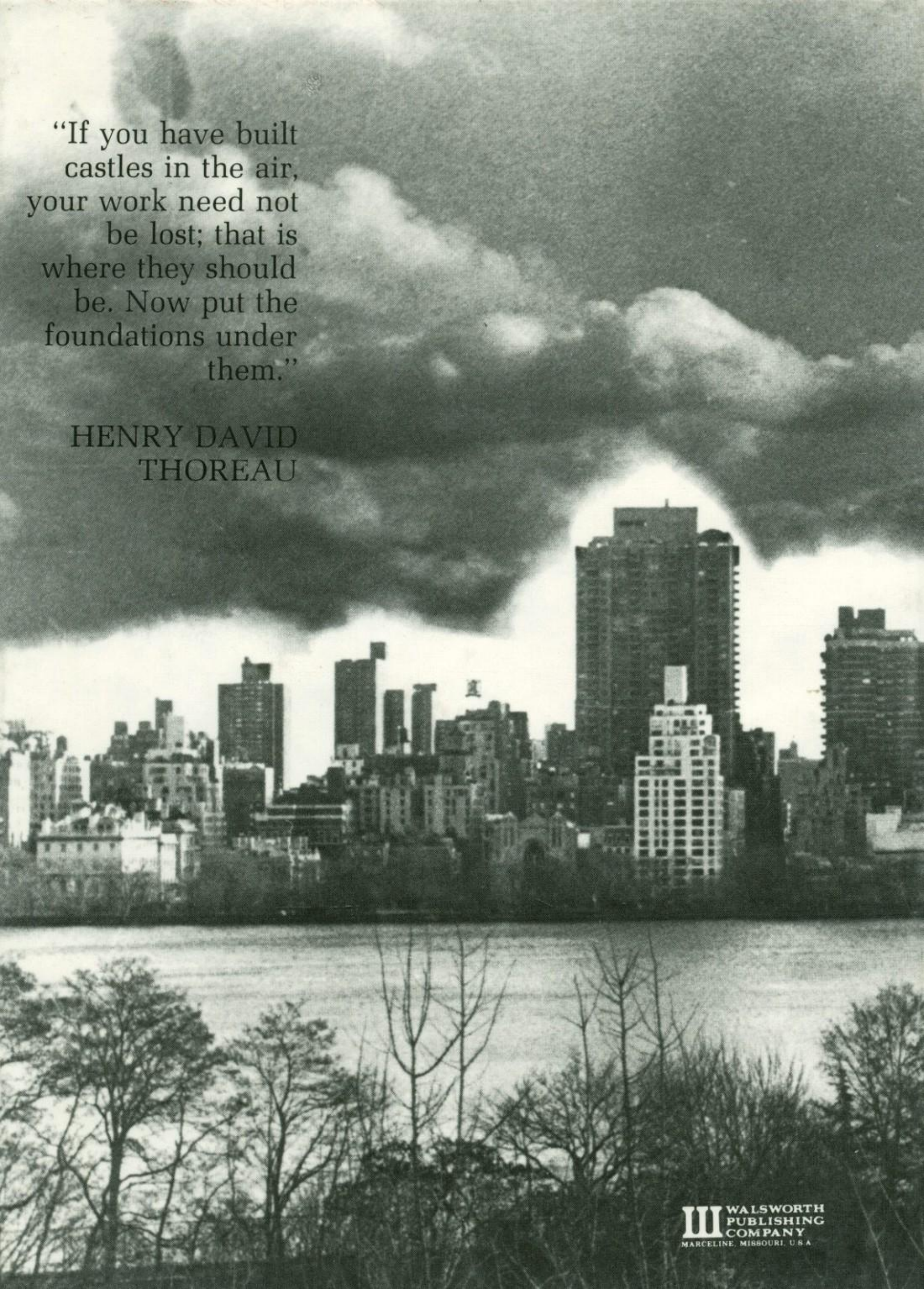
Weiss. Ecology Center
Ettlingen '85

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU



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